

Son

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Songs

by the

Way

James Henry.

SO

SONGS BY THE WAY

BY

THE LATE JAMES HENRY.

MONTREAL :

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PREFACE.

This little book, it is hoped, will be read with interest and profit by the friends of the author. It is published in fulfilment of a promise made to the deceased, and with deep regret that he had not lived to review his own work, as it would, no doubt, have come before the public in a more finished form ; as many of the best pieces were not complete, and only a few had been carefully reviewed by the author. All the poems have been examined by members of his family. But in doing so, our object has been to retain, as far as possible, not only the original ideas, but also the original language. This we considered a matter of simple justice, and did not introduce changes where they could be avoided. I trust, therefore, that any who may be critically disposed will accord the usual courtesy shown to the dead, as I am quite sure my husband's chief desire was to promote the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. And if that end should be accomplished, in any ^{measure} ~~means~~ whatever, by the publication of this little book, his labour will be amply rewarded.

MARY HENRY.

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SONGS BY THE WAY.

TO CANADA.

A WINTER SCENE.

The muse delights to paint some blissful land

Where mildest zephyrs play,

And brightest sunbeams gild its strand

Through all the live-long day,

And in whose peaceful groves at morn arise

The song-birds' happy note,

While flow'rets dew-gemmed greet the eyes

In every sunny spot.

But, Canada, I ween another song

Must now be sung for thee,

For keen's the icy breath that long

Has bound thy frozen lea.

What though thy biting winds may not invite

The sluggish soul's repose,

They stir the heart with stern delight

To conquer, or oppose.

And sweep diseases on a hurried race

To milder southern climes ;

Give bracing pleasures in their place

To suit our winter times.

Thy keener air gives health, a vigorous frame,
When down among the zeroes,
That well might raise a nation's fame
And stamp her sons as heroes.

The merry chiming bells like music ring
When wafted on the breeze,
As cheering as the birds that sing
Embowered among the trees.

The glittering snow that gems the leafless bowers,
The fretted window pane,
In beauty vie with summer flowers
That thickly stud the plain.

There's beauty in thy floor of peerless white
And dome of cloudless blue ;
Thy varied scenes present a sight
As fair as aught we view

In other lands, where constant summer reigns ;
For in each season's prime
Heaven gives to thee the snow-clad plains
And blooming summer time.

But, Canada, although thy summer's brief,
Thy winter cold and long,
We will not pine in endless grief,
Nor rob thee of thy song

That's due to thee, by all thy sons of toil,
For health and vigor given,
A peaceful home, a fruitful soil,
The gifts of bounteous Heaven.

TO AN OLD WELL.

I sat beside a mouldering well,
Dug in the bygone days;
And, as I gazed, I felt a spell
That woke my fancy up to tell
Some story in its praise.

The fern and bramble freshly grew
Upon its mossy brink.
The tame fragoria, full in view,
Its slender tendrils downward threw
To reach the cooling drink.

The traveller, for this retreat,
Has left the dusty way,
And crossed the fence, with eager feet,
To drink thy waters cool and sweet
At noontide of the day.

The plodding swain, with patient team,
The milkmaid, with her flock,
Would loiter here to chat and laugh,
While team and herd would slowly quaff
The waters from the rock.

Decrepit age, with staff in hand,
Would linger by thy side,
To muse with joy, perchance to grieve
O'er pleasures gone, with no reprieve,
Though oft he grieved and sighed.

Here pensive melancholy may
Have sat at evening's close,
To brood o'er all the ills of life :
Its fickle fortune—deadly strife ;
And sigh for death's repose.

The chubby child of tender years,
The self-important swell,
The maid that smiles 'mid hopes and fears,
The widow in her weeds and tears,
Have gathered round this well.

The man of science in his search,
The patriot and peer,
The artist in a sketching round,
The poet in a dream profound,
May all have gathered here.

THE WOODSHED.

Oh ! the woodshed is a jolly place,
When a dozen boys together
Come rushing in with frantic race,
In time of stormy weather.

They come with every plot and plan
That can fill the youthful noddle,
From the boy almost a man
To the one that just can toddle.

Perhaps some embryotic lord
Is now contending with his fellows ;
Some patriot who shall wield a sword,
Or else, instead, a pair of bellows.

But the woodshed is a doleful place,
With a lonesome boy at work ;
How he puckers up his lengthened face
And gives his saw a jerk.

For he thinks of all the other boys
That are running round at play,
Each bouncing at his favourite toy,
While he alone must stay.

Cheer up your heart, my little boy ;
You may live to see the day
When life shall bring to you more joy
Than to the boys who play.

YOUTH'S QUESTION.

“ Tell me, O ye hoary sages,
Who have proved the good and true,
From the wisdom of all ages :
What is best for man to do ?

“ For I hear the eager voices
Of a vast, unnumbered throng,
That upon its march rejoices
In a burst of mirth and song.

“ Now I hear them lightly laughing,
Fondly calling unto me ;
Some the sparkling cup are quaffing
With a shout of ecstasy.

“ But I hear the voice of others
Sounding on the evening air ;
Calling, in the name of brothers,
‘ Come with us, our pleasures share.’ ”

Glad am I, O youth, to teach you
All of joy and truth I know ;
And I now would fain beseech you,
Hold them dear, nor let them go.

Hear ye, then, the voice of reason,
When it gently speaks of truth ;
Truth is always held in season,
Sweetest in the days of youth.

Think not that the sweetest pleasure
Can be gained at virtue’s price :
Truth and pleasure are a treasure
Never found in paths of vice.

TO THE FLOWERS.

Ye gentle, blooming flowers, of every hue
Of blushing beauty rare ; I love you so
That I could call ye all the tender names
That ever mother called her tender babe,

Or fondest lover lavished on the one
His soul adored. Ye smile around my path
When my sad heart is full of care, and with
Your dewy petal lips ye whisper soft
Within my ear, "Be glad," and cares depart,
And when the envious thought would rise within
My breast, the sweetness of your upward glance
Disarms the glowing wrath, and melts the soul
To tenderness; and when I see you bloom
When trodden on by rough and careless feet,
I meekly learn a lesson—how to bear,
With calmness in my soul, the scorn of men;
And so, like you, 'mid sharp adversity,
To turn a longing, trusting look to Heaven.
Kind Heaven! we thank thee for the blooming flowers,
So freely scattered over hill and plain:
Although they nourish not our wasting powers,
Yet raise our hope, and faith in Thee sustain.

DOVERAN.

O limpid, pure, meandering river,
Half hid among embowering trees;
Thy scenes would cheer my heart for ever,
Mine eye thy beauties please.

I still remember thee, O Doveran,
In other lands, 'mid broader streams;
And in my heart I hold thee sovereign,
Awake, or in my dreams.

Thy meadows green, the wooded mountains,
That cast their shadows o'er thy face ;
The rocky gorges, bubbling fountains,
I still would love to trace.

Thy pebbly strand I paced with pleasure,
When, in the youthful days of yore,
With swinging arm I'd deftly measure
Thy breadth from shore to shore.

Upon thy banks what stately mansions
In architectural glories rise ;
While flowery meads, in broad expansion,
Meet smiling summer skies.

The milky swan, to thee domestic,
Sails daily forth in regal pride,
With curving neck and mien majestic,
To breast thy gentle tide.

The ancient Burgh has yet a glory,
As, lying in its still repose,
It brings to me a wealth of story
To live to mem'ry's close.

O hill of Doon, thou silent spectre,
That mutely guards the nuptial hour,
When Doveran touches Ocean's sceptre,
And meekly owns its power :

Can science tell what strange commotion,
What freak of nature, ever reared
The rugged barrier to the ocean
That forms thy bosom seared ;

O city, stream and ancient mountain !
Though absent long, yet thoughts arise
Within my heart, to stir its fountain,
And dew my weary eyes.

For once again I long to wander
And view each old familiar scene,
Where woods embower and streams meander,
And summer glories gleam.

But should my fate deny the pleasure
To trace thy stream by vale and hill,
Yet in my heart I'll fondly treasure
These thoughts that haunt me still.

SLEEP.

O blessed sleep ! who does not welcome thee ?
Even though thou comest with a conqueror's mien
To play thy shafts on our defenceless heads,
Or witchingly with thy enchantress' wand
To steep each sense in deep oblivion ;
Or, stealthily silent as a midnight thief,
Relax our grasp and let our treasures fall.
The weary matron, urged by pressing need,
Her busy fingers plies till latest hour ;
But thou, with downy touch insensible,
Dost close the unwilling eyes, the nerves relax :
The stitches drop, and so a weary heart
Throws off a load of care and finds relief.
Even to the weak and pining invalid,
That hourly tosses on a fevered couch,

How sweet the peaceful, calm, unconscious rest,
When all the pain and fear are lost in thee.
Come, then! thou sweet enchantress, softly come,
And with thy fairy fingers deftly weave
A filmy veil, to shade my wakeful eyes
From every baneful sight, and gently close
These ears to all disturbing sounds ;
And, with thy gentlest opiate, induce
Profoundest rest, to soothe these tired nerves ;
And softly woo this overburdened heart
A few brief hours from all corroding cares.

A NEW COMBINE.

In strolling out one evening,
Just after supper-time,
I heard a little confab
About a new combine.

A gad-fly and mosquito
Sat on the brindle cow ;
At first I heard a talking,
And then I heard a vow.

Said the skeeter to the gad-fly :
"If we combine together,
We'll keep these cattle in a fry
In every sort of weather.

I know you like the sunshine :
The damp is my delight ;
If you'll turn out at day-time,
Then I'll be round at night."

"All right, then," said the gad-fly,
With a doleful, droning buzz ;
"I'll do it just to please you,
My charming little coz !"

"All right, then," piped the skeeter,
With a knowing little wink ;
Then he stuck in his little prob
And took a hearty drink.

And so they pledged together,
In a draught from moolie's vein,
The fly to work in sunshine,
The skeeter after rain.

TO A COMET.

Whence or whither, thou messenger of light ?
Of whom do poets sing and sages write !
What potent hand now guides thy rushing prow
Amid the sparkling orbs that thickly stud
The teeming ocean of unmeasured space ?
Can deep-eyed science read thy destiny
Or tell thy mission to our circling earth ?
Reason must grope its way from truth to truth
With dimly-lighted tapers in her hand ;
But fancy soars on light and buoyant wing
Where reason dimly gropes, and eager flies
On dark, untrodden paths, beyond our ken.
Then wake, my fancy ! and on fleetest wing
Pursue the stranger guest that leaves these shores,

And learn what secret thus she holds from man.
No idle wanderer art thou through all
These years and in the limitless expanse
Of jewelled space. I would not ask thy age ;
But hast thou sailed these shores in other years ?
And if, what hast thou seen of other worlds ?
Hast thou not seen some sister orb beyond
Our ken, that circles round our parent sun ?
What knows thy long elliptic path of heat
Or cold, darkness or light, or various speed ?
How near to other central suns dost thou
Approach upon thy lonely path ? Hast thou
Not felt their soft, compulsive influence
To draw thee from allegiance to earth's sun ?
Why dost thou wheel thy solitary path
Athwart the orbits other suns traverse ?
How near the future blissful home of saints
Hast thou arrived, or is thy mission here,
To bear their happy spirits to their home ?
We take thee as a peaceful visitor :
No tale of bloody war dost thou presage,
Nor famine's cry, nor scourge of pestilence.
Oh, art thou, then, the swift triumphal car,
Where Gabriel rides, or Michael swiftly flies
To visit earth ? Or dost thou bear a vast
Unnumbered throng of earth's redeemed to view
This scene of sin, of former fears and hopes ?
Or dost thou bring around our blighted shores
A company of heavenly guests, arrayed
In holiday attire, to see the scene
Where man hath sinned—the Son of God hath died,

And all the mystery of love adore ?
But yet 'tis vain that fancy questions thus :
Thy mission through the ever-circling spheres,
Though pondered oft, remains unfathomed still.

TO WINTER.

[In 1882, winter, with strange persistency, extended itself far into spring. Sleighing did not break up until May 3rd.]

O dreary winter ! why so loth to leave
Our pining land ? Our hearts most deeply grieve
Thy long unlooked-for stay. Dost thou not know
We bade thee welcome seven long months ago,
When we had garnered in our yearly store,
And all our needful toil in fields was o'er ?
We hailed thee with delight, in thy good time,
And sang thy praises, too, in homely rhyme.
We buckled on our furs, rushed forth in glee,
O'er snowy plains and icy streams with thee.
And when thou cam'st, with drifting storm and cloud,
We to thy icy sceptre meekly bowed.
But now, in May, instead of sun and showers,
You send the blinding drift within our bowers.
The hungry herds roam over wastes of snow,
Where other years the tender grass will grow ;
And bleating flocks their daily vigils keep
Till they shall crop the twig and herbage sweet.
Man longs for mossy banks and leafy bowers,
For balmy breezes and the opening flowers ;
But you would crowd the spring from out the year,
Nor for the offered insult drop a tear.

The sun at Summer's height still finds you here,
With biting blast and face that's cold and sere.
Ah, Winter ! can'st thou not seek another home,
And find a welcome place wherein to roam ?
Oh ! think you not you fill our hearts with pain,
When you invade the summer's bright domain,
And over half the year extend thy reign ?
Come, O sweet Spring ! now at thy latest hour,
With balmy breath and soul-reviving power,
To wake the choral train in field and bower,
And ope the prisoned bud and tender flower.
Come, in thy sunny smile, and with us stay,
And drive chill Winter to the north away.

TO A FRIEND.

True friendship is a plant of heavenly birth
The hand of Deity transferred to earth,
And bade it blossom in the hearts or men ;
And sent the angels down to watch with care,
Till they and it be raised to heaven again,
To bloom on high, in God's own garden fair.
To thee be pure and deathless friendships given,
By angels guarded, and approved by heaven.

THE SAME.

True friendship's like the lily fair,
Or like the blooming rose,
That blossoms in the sunlit air
Or in the shadow's deep repose ,

Or like a beam of radiant light
That streams from yonder glowing sun,
And makes the lonely pathway bright,
Till cares are past and bliss begun.

Be then such friendships thine :
Pure as the light that fills the sky,
Or fair as hills that entwine
With roses of a brighter dye.

THE OLD ROAD.

This is the road I've gone so oft,
By day, by night, and in all kinds of weather ;
'Mid winter's cold, or when the winds blew soft ;
Sometimes alone, or two or three together.

I know each turn along its tortuous course,
Each jolting crossway, its decaying bridges ;
Each tiny brooklet, from its boggy source,
That slowly winds around the breezy ridges.

I know each bush and tree that skirts its marge,
And 'most each panel of its crooked fences ;
Each farm and dwelling—be they small or large,
Each owner, with his probable expenses ;

Each gate, each gap or handy pair of bars,
And even the ant-hills on its side I've counted ;
Each flock and herd, with all their marks and scars ;
Each passing team, and how that team was mounted.

Sometimes I've travelled in despondent mood,
 Sometimes my spirits were in exultation ;
 Nor strange it is, when it is understood
 That I have passed here for a generation.

I've gone this way for more than thirty years,
 To church, to mail, to do my weekly trading ;
 I've followed friends, while carried on their biers ;
 And here I've gone invited to a wedding.

I've gone in haste and in deliberate mood,
 On urgent business and for trifling reasons ;
 Sometimes, an hour, I've with a neighbour stood,
 Discussing trade, and crops and changing seasons.

POST OBIT.

'Tis yet the same, that old-time road,
 As weary travellers climb the hill ;
 But now the singer's soul has gone to God,
 The well-known form lies cold and still.

OUR OWN SWEET WILL.

What is sweeter to a woman ?
 (Perhaps to man 'tis dearer still)
 What is more intensely human
 Than to have our own sweet will ?

It is not truth, it is not reason,
 Though a sure, unerring guide ;
 Nor thoughts of loyalty or treason
 Make the average man decide.

But his will, still domineering,
Keeps his passions all elate ;
Driving onward, never veering,
To the iron wall of fate.

Law nor duty may not lead him
In the path immaculate ;
If you guide, then, you must feed him
With some sweet, alluring bait.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER.

The chilly winds begin to blow
Among the tree-tops bare.
I feel the breath of frost and snow—
There's winter in the air.

I know the winter's coming now—
I hear its sullen roar,
And see the scowl upon its brow
Beneath its locks so hoar.

The migratory geese now pour,
In orderly array,
From the windy lakes of Labrador
To a sunny southern bay.

The feathered songsters all have flown
On fleet, instinctive wing,
To cheer a milder-tempered zone
Till the returning spring.

The gentle, shy leporidæ,
When autumn takes its flight,
Throws off its homely garb of grey
And dons its robe of white.

The marmot and the drowsy bear,
By keener instinct led,
Have gone to seek their winter lair
And make their cosy bed.

Let man take heed e'er winter come
In wild and surly mood,
And well secure his peaceful home
That blasts may not intrude.

Store up the fuel in full supply
In some convenient spot ;
Then in the wet it shall be dry,
And in the cold be hot

Pick up the tools that lie around—
Let everything be neat ;
So, when the snow shall heap the ground,
We'll have a safe retreat,

Where we may sit and pass the hours
Till icy winter goes,
And spring comes back with genial showers
To melt the frozen snows.

THE SEA OF LIFE.

When the ocean's face is calm and clear
I delight in the tiny skiff to steer ;
But when angry winds rush through the sky
And crested waves are tossed on high,
And I fling to the breeze the snow-white sail,
While the laggard oar through the tide I trail :
Then I seek for the ship that, with safest ease,
Ploughs her steadfast course through the raging seas;
Or, safer still, seek the sheltering rock,
Where I need not fear the tempest's shock.
And so, when the skies of life's coast are fair,
And there broods o'er my mind nor cloud nor care,
A sprightly friend, with an air of ease,
May suit me well on sunny seas ;
But when the storms of life beat high
I seek the Pilot whose unerring eye
Can lead my barque o'er the stormy main
Till I reach the haven of rest again.
Forgive, dear Lord, if my heart should cling
Too close to any earthly thing ;
For the heart will crave a mortal friend
On whom in life he may depend :
Still, 'tis Thine arm alone can save
The weary soul on the sin tossed wave.

CONSCIENCE.

I hear a voice ! it speaks to me
Of what I am or ought to be.
It gently whispers in my ear
When busy crowds of men are near,

Or speaks in still a louder tone
When I am left with self alone ;
And though to me that voice is plain,
No other ear can catch its strain.

It speaks to all, yet none can hear
Its impress on another's ear ;
It soothes my mind when in distress,
And fills my soul with tenderness.

And when my heart shrinks back with fear
It speaks of duty, stern and clear.
O ! may I still its warning heed :
Be pure in thought, in word and deed.

FLEETING JOYS.

I sat upon the restless river's brink
And watched the foam bells rising, one by one—
A moment float, then quickly burst and sink
Amid the mass of waters hurrying on.

And as they fell, still other bubbles rose
In quick succession on the drifting tide ;
In some still covert they did find repose,
Or chased each other in an eddy ride.

'Tis thus, I mused, our hopes and joys abide
Like evanescent bells upon the stream ;
We fondly grasp them, but, alas ! they glide,
And leave us nought but memory or a dream.

TAKEN FOR A TRAMP.

Ah! the world is dark and dreary,
And my limbs grow weak and weary,
 As, toward the close of day,
On a dusty road I travel,
Vainly seeking to unravel
 Where to-night, perchance, I'll stay.

Ere the sun I left my pillow,
In my hand a sturdy willow :
 Thus my journey was begun.
One short hour at noon for resting
And a scanty meal digesting :
 Then to tread till setting sun.

Often men appear suspicious,
Sometimes act a part malicious
 As I stand before their door ;
And at evening oft denying
Simply room enough for lying
 On an uninviting floor.

How I feel the world is hardened !
Yet I wish it freely pardoned .
 For the way it uses me ;
But my lot is hard in bearing
When, with others' lot comparing,
 Equity I cannot see.

Am I not as good as others
Who are only but my brothers,
 And are born of kindred mould ?

Oh, the bitter, bitter wailing !
My complaint how unavailing !
Shall my manhood thus be sold ?

Let it pass—I shall requite them,
Though I do not mean to spite them ;
Yet they certainly shall know
There has passed a man of letters,
Rightly judged, one of their betters,
Though he did not make a show.

It may be that my appearance
Actually had some adherence
To the role of vagrant men ;
But where is all the boasted 'cuteness
And the wonderful astuteness
That the world in guessing claim,

That they could not tell a teacher,
Or a plain and honest preacher,
From an ordinary cad.
Though at first it is provoking,
Yet really, in the way of joking,
It is not so very bad.

THE POET'S MISTAKE.

If I had only thought in youth
That I might make a poet,
I would have laboured hard, in sooth,
To let the world know it.

I'd garnered every seed of truth,
That broadcast I might sow it ;
I would have shunned the rude-uncouth
That hampers every poet.

I would have walked to every shrine
And courted all the muses,
And sipped the nectar from the vine
That happy thought infuses.

I would have hailed the grand, the fair,
In every clime and nation,
That some enchantress' magic wand
Might give me inspiration.

Let every man in early life
Choose out the right profession ;
Then, in the competition rife,
Be there no retrogression.

THE HUMAN HEART.

There is not on earth a more delicate thing
Than the human heart ;
With a breath you can sweep o'er every string
Of this wonderful harp.

You may lovingly play on its strings every day,
Drawing sweetest of tones ;
Or, if rudely you play, just as surely you may
Bring murmurs and groans.

The comforting word or the sunshiny glance
In that heart may unfold
Such joys as will live unfading, perchance,
Throughout eras untold.

Through the senses you play on this wonderful harp,
That vibrates so oft ;
And 'tis ever the same : when the touch is not sharp,
Then the tone will be soft.

So various the tones so many wires bring—
If they shall agree,
Let each harper ask what, ere he touches the string,
Will the melody be ?

A WINTER NIGHT DREAM.

I fell asleep one surly night,
When winter was severe ;
But how it filled me with delight
To dream that spring was here.

The glowing fire was in my dream
Transmitted to the sun ;
I thought I felt his cheerful beam
Through all my system run.

My busy hand was at the plough
And scattering the seed ;
The fields seemed full of promise now
For our approaching need.

The peaceful herds contented grazed
Upon a hillside green,
While fields looked fresh with sunny rays
And gentle showers between.

I heard the birds' delightful song
Rise from the neighbouring bowers,
I saw the children play among
The tender grass and flowers.

Alas! for it was but a dream
Wove on my busy brain;
For, when I woke, another scene
Returned to me again.

And now I heard the tempests blow
In dismal, wild refrain,
While wreaths of angry, whirling snow
Beat on the window-pane.

Without, the cold intensely set
On the advent'rous swain,
But woe to him who luckless met
The blizzard on the plain!

But near my room the kettle steamed
Above the blazing fire,
Whose cheerful radiance softly beamed
To comfort and inspire

Thus soothed, I fell to sleep a while—
A sweet, sound sleep at last;
Then woke to see the morning smile,
For stormy winds were past.

GOOD-WIFE'S SUNDAY NAP.

The good-wife sat in a straight-backed chair
On a Sunday afternoon,
Conning the book of common prayer
Or humming a saintly tune.

But the body was worn with toil and care,
And nature sought a boon ;
The fair enchantress hovered there,
And granted the treasure soon.

The boon was but a restful sleep
She craved at nature's hand,
And the drowsy god would not deny
Her fair and just demand.

Upright she sat, though the heavy head
Did forever nod and sway ;
But a sudden check of the sinewy neck
Kept the pate from flying away.

Though urged was she to go to bed
For a safer, sweeter rest,
" 'Twere wrong to waste the day," she said,
With much religious zest.

And so she sat and struggled still
With the overmastering sleep ;
'Twas hard to change her stubborn will,
And as hard her seat to keep.

The book would fall from her nerveless hand,
With a thump on the wooden floor ;
And bring her back from fair dreamland,
To a wakeful state once more.

Then, with firm resolve and wakeful zeal,
She cons her book again ;
But a moment more sleep lays his seal
On eyes, and ears and brain ;

Till tired nature steals the rest
So grudgingly obtained ;
And thus, a conqueror confessed,
Sleep triumphs in the end,

JOHN'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

John wrote some verses on a time,
And sent for publication :
The censor called them senseless rhyme,
Unworthy preservation.

His friends pronounced the piece a gem
Deserving of a casket ;
The censor doomed them to the flame,
So tossed them in his basket.

And thus the thoughts that stirred his mind,
And cost him much devotion,
Were to the ruthless flame consigned
Without the least emotion.

How little thinks the man who deals
In literature by measure,
What poignancy a poet feels
When his peculiar treasure

Is cast to feed the hungry flames,
Or lies in vapid ashes :
'Twere ill for him if John's disdain
Descended in loud crashes

Upon the poor devoted head
That holds such varied learning ;
'Twere well he had therein, instead,
A little more discerning.

PIECES WRITTEN IN ALBUMS.

As the circling years go round
In their still, unceasing flight,
May the sweetest music sound
Like a voice from worlds of light,
Filling to its utmost bound
All thy soul with rich delight.

How often does the transient thought,
When flitting through my memory,
Fly on its rapid course to thee,
With choicest blessings richly fraught.

Seek the truth and follow duty :
Each to you a priceless gem.
Truth and duty rank in beauty
Fairest in Heaven's diadem.

THE TOOTHACHE.

John had the toothache for a week ;
He could not drink, he could not eat,
He could not laugh, he could not speak,
He could not work, he could not sleep.

He'd start, he'd wince and twist his face ;
He could not stay in any place ;
He feared these twinges would deface
His sunny smile and youthful grace.

" Oh, bring the panacea quick !
Bring something hot—an iron, a brick !
A mustard poultice—spread it thick !
Or Spanish fly, and warm to stick ! "

" I wish," said he, " Oh, I cannot wish—
Although—if I were but a fish—
For fishes never suffer pain
Unless they're eaten up or slain,

" If 'twere not for this awful pain,
How good I'd be ! I'd ne'er complain ;
I'd laugh, I'd talk, or play or sing ;
Do lots of work, do anything

" I'd bring you presents, buy you dresses ;
I'd take you out to lots of places—
But, Oh, it comes ! it comes again—
This everlasting, stinging pain !

"I know 'twill kill me, that is sure ;
This awful pain I can't endure."
And thus went on, with variations,
A scene would try an angel's patience.

His faithful spouse, with temper sweet,
Kept half the night upon her feet
In meek attendance on his wishes,
And watched him gently, unofficious,

Till he went softly off to sleep—
Refreshing, soothing and delicious ;
His weary spouse just took a peep,
And found him happy as the fishes.

COURTING EPISODE.

Joe happened one night, just after the light
From the sky had faded away,
To go in the dark for a bit of a lark,
To a neighbour's just over the way.

He knew every nook, he knew every crook
Around in the good neighbour's yard ;
He knew where his lass should stand at the glass
Just after the door had been barred.

Then softly he stepped around where she slept,
And threw up some sand on the window ;
When lo ! all at once he saw at a glance
There would be an ugly shindy ;

For a great whiskered face appeared at the place
Where he looked for the maiden to be ;
So he whispered, " Oh, my ! " and slunk on the sly
To whither no mortal might see.

But the great dog was loose, so what was the use
Of staying around to be bitten ;
So he looked not behind, but fled like the wind—
Now his heels, not his heart, being smitten.

But bad grew his luck, for he soon ran amuck,
And fell by the cow-stable door ;
For scarce had he risen, when, caught by the weasand,
His plight now seemed worse than before.

He found the clothes-line had grappled him this time,
And 'most cut his throat to the ears ;
So the terrible stun did not seem to him fun,
For his wounds were as bad as his fears.

Then he uttered a yell that rung like a knell,
And roused all the folks in the dwelling,
Who hurried without, in terror, no doubt,
To see what had made such a yelling.

But before they could see whate'er it might be
He was safe at his own cottage door ;
But after this war he carried a scar
That showed for six weeks or more,

Now, all ye young men, take advice from my pen :
If you e'er intend to go wooing,
Go early at eve, with all the folks leave,
Not ashamed of what you are doing.

TO H. M. (IN ALBUM.)

Youth, like spring, is the time for sowing
Precious seeds of love and truth,
And the choicest time for growing
Is the sunny days of youth.
Ever sowing, weeding, hoeing,
Watchful be and wait the growing ;
Harvest time will come ere long
With its fruit, its joy and song.

THE CONTEST.

This life hath joy, but 'tis mixed with sorrow,
As storms o'ercast the summer sky ;
Hope reigns to-day, but before to-morrow
Grief's bitter tears may dim the eye.

And earth hath hope, but how oft the shadows
Flit o'er our path and dim the light,
As the mountain climber, in the hour of gladness,
Is wrapt in mists like the gloom of night.

The earth hath good, but the evil lurketh ;
All purest things have their alloy.
The saint may pray, but the villain worketh,
And vilest deeds may despoil our joy.

Earth hath friends, but how oft they vanish,
As many ills our paths o'erflow :
How hard it is hard thoughts to banish
When smiling friend becomes a foe.

On earth we meet, but alas, the parting !
When the last fond word we sadly speak
Leaves the bleeding heart in anguish smarting,
And sad, sad tears on the pallid cheek.

The earth hath love, yet envy howleth
By night and through the livelong day ;
Round the beautiful home this demon prowleth
Like a hungry beast in search of prey.

'Twixt good and ill is a warfare raging ;
The noise of battle we can hear ;
'Twixt joy and grief is a contest waging,
'Twixt life and death, 'twixt hope and fear.

How sweet 'twill be, when the warfare's over,
To lay our worn-out armour by ;
When above us the angel of peace shall hover,
With not a cloud in all the sky.

For life shall then in the contest gain,
And hope forever there abide ;
Fair virtue then shall sovereign reign,
And joy be ever at her side.

MAN WAS NOT MADE TO MOURN.

This world is not, as poets sing,
A gloom-enshrouded bourne,
Where pleasures flee on frightened wing,
And man is doomed to mourn.

A thousand mercies crown each day ;
Ten thousand every year
Come trooping o'er our daily way
To fill our hearts with cheer.

And he whose heart is half attuned,
With grateful feelings borne,
Will sing like woodland choirs in June,
Nor ever stop to mourn.

A thousand beauties meet the eye
Where'er our footsteps stray ;
The vale and hill, the stream and sky,
Their varied charms display.

Yet, should misfortunes come our way,
On gloomy wings upborne,
We need not ask them once to stay,
Nor at their presence mourn.

The hurrying stream, the glassy lake,
And even the ocean storm,
Have beauty, grandeur, that should make
Our hearts forget to mourn.

That man is blind to earth, whose eyes
Can not see beauties form.
Look up to the inviting skies—
No more look down and mourn !

The man who flies to haunts of vice,
Or treats the truth with scorn—
Who heavenly goodness can despise,
Deserves indeed to mourn.

But he who lives for God and right
Should never fear dismay,
But do his task with all his might,
Rejoicing every day.

TO WRITE OR NOT TO WRITE.

To write or not to write, that is the question.
Whether 'tis better to be still, and keep
One's wit and wisdom in his own pate,
And live in sweet complacency of fame
That might be won—illusion it may be ;
To be discreetly wise—anonymous ;
Or bring this stock of mental pabulum
To cast into the world's great feeding-trough,
That men of every nature, name and creed
May mouth, or pick, or wantonly devour,
Or laugh, or sneer, or jest as seems them best.
To hear them bandy round your tender name
In bland mock-sympathy, and then to have
The critic's lance pierce through our hopeful soul:—
Perhaps a duller fate awaits our venture :
This flickering light may never rise above
This world's horizon, and this tiny stream
May never cause a ripple on the sea
Of human thought. If so, 'tis well ; for so
Thy name will float along the tide, unknown
Except to Him who calls the final roll.

TO A RIVER.

Flow on, thou gentle, peaceful river,
 In thy grace ;
As the moonbeams dance and quiver
 On thy face.
Oft have I stood beside thee,
 Heeding nought ;
Nought but Heaven and thee to guide me
 In my thought.
Night by night I see thee glisten
 In the moon.
Sitting on my load I listen
 To the tune
That thy rippling waters waken
 In my ear ;
Though I'm jolted, tossed and shaken,
 Still I hear.
To thy crystal source I wander,
 In a dream,
Where thy gentle rills meander
 In between
Mossy banks and rocky ledges,
 Or beside
Stagnant pools, where reeds and sedges
 Stem thy tide.
How I see the waters lapping
 On the brink !
And the tiny wavelets patting
 Flow'ry pink !
Darkly glooming, brightly glancing,
 In thy flow ;

Softly creeping, swift advancing,
 Onward go !
Oh ! the sight is sweet, entrancing
 To the eye !
As its waters gently quiver,
 Passing by.
Who that lives beside the river,
 Clear and bright,
Would not wish to live forever
 In its sight.
Sleeping 'neath a pendant willow
 In a nook ;
Shingle bar the only pillow
 For a brook ;
Thou through countless generations
 Still shall glide,
Bearing argosies of nations
 On thy tide.

SNOW.

The clouds descend upon the earth
 In feathery flakes of snow,
But how they gain such perfect form
 Is more than we can know.

Each side and angle seems as plain,
 As perfect to the eye,
As if each tiny flake had lain
 In matrix or in die.

And if the rain a father own
The snow may claim a mother ;
For every floating flake that comes
Is brother to the other.

I love to see thy fronded bars
In silent calm alight
Upon this earth like mystic stars
Adown the vault of night.

Ye fleecy flakes ! why here alight,
So spotless, pure and fair,
So tranquil in your noiseless flight
Down through the amber air ?

Do ye not fear earth's taint may lie
Upon your stainless wing ?
No ; you have tidings from on high—
What message do you bring ?

You teach us that beyond this vale,
In regions bright and fair,
A spotless purity must dwell
That mortals do not share.

Ye teach us, as ye waft with soft
Unruffled wing below,
There dwells on high a breathless calm
That earth can never know.

Ye show us that divinest form
Must dwell where purity
And perfect calm, without a storm,
For ever more shall be.

KING ALCOHOL'S TYRANNY.

A tyrant rules throughout our realm
With fierce, despotic sway,
Whose purpose is to overwhelm
The good—the bad display.

King Alcohol, sin's latest born,
Earth's saddest curse and bane,
And Satan's minister—in scorn
We speak thy hateful name.

O rum! the fiend that thralls our race,
And, with malignant blow,
Strikes honour down, and in deep disgrace
Lays many loved ones low :

How long shall thy accursed sway
Blast all that's good and fair ?
How long shall man remain thy prey,
Nor yet deliverance share ?

Up, Christians ! patriots ! in your might—
Ye rulers of our land,
Join in the stern, unyielding fight,
Till right alone shall stand.

Oh ! that some voice with trumpet tones
And old prophetic fire
Might stir each heart within our homes
With righteous zeal and ire

Against this curse that blights our land
With its infernal breath,
And grasps our sons with ruffian's hand
To strike them low in death,

Till this fair realm, so long enslaved
And held in bondage low,
Throws off her shackles, and is saved
From her bewitching foe.

BIRTHDAY ODE (DIVISION).

We hail with joy our natal day—
The birth of our Division,
And here our principles display,
In spite the world's derision.

Though fools may drink to drown their cares,
We know a plan that's better ;
For drink's a tyrant that ensnares
And binds men in his fetter.

Though we are but a modest band,
With no transcendent merit,
Yet with the best we hope to stand
In pluck and temperance spirit.

So, while there's thousands yet enslaved
By drink's deluding passion,
We'll work till all its dupes are saved,
And change the drinking fashion ;

Or while there's men so base as sell
The cup that steals men's reason,
We'll send the liquor back to hell—
The publican to prison.

Arise, O brothers ! in your might,
Nor act like mortals dreaming ;
There's thousands faltering in the fight,
With tattered banners streaming.

Shake off, O friend ! the slothful ease
That you so fondly cherish :
See ! thousands on the surging seas
Of wild intemperance perish !

SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN.

Last morn I saw the blazing sun arise
(Earth also blushed to see her lord appear),
And slowly climb the crimson east, that faded
To a pale and sickly hue as day advanced.
And ere the hour of noon arrived the sun,
So bright at morn, had vanished in the clouds.
The mantling clouds had thrown o'er saddened earth
The gloomy garb of dull, dark grey. All day
The fitful winds had moaned most piteously,
And at my window-sill and chamber door
Had sobbed and sighed, like one bereft of hope,
For the departed sun. And, as the shades
Of night came down, the watery heavens shed tears
In soft profusion o'er the lonely earth.
And as I laid my weary head upon

A wakeful couch I felt, or seemed to feel
Each heart-string vibrate to the wailing winds ;
But as the second morn began to dawn
The gloomy clouds withdrew to other shores
Their dismal shapes. The golden sun appeared
Once more, in all his regal splendour dressed ;
And earth anew woke from her watery couch,
Still smiling through her tears, to greet her prince
And royal bridegroom on his heavenward march.
How often, when a floating cloud o'erspreads
Life's glowing sky, our brightest prospects fade,
And lingering hope expires within the breast ;
A cloud of gloom o'ermantles all the face,
And weak, unwelcome tears bedim the eyes.
But soon the morn of joy dawns fresh again,
And hope revives to cheer the downcast soul,
Like gleams of sunshine after plenteous rain.

TO THE OCEAN.

I love to see thee, ocean,
As in the days of old,
When lashed in wild commotion
Or draped in sunset gold ;
To sit beside thy margin,
Thy waters at my feet,
And hear thy rippling murmur,
Like music low and sweet.
Thou grand, majestic ocean !
Years do not make thee old,
Though long thy hoary waters
O'er rocks and sands have rolled.

I love to see thy billows
In wild confusion leap,
In feathery foam disporting
Far up the rocky steep ;
To pick with eager pleasure
Thy many-tinted shells
Which thickly stem thy border
When tide recedes and swells ;
And scan thy waste of waters
When no fierce tempests blow—
One vast expanse of beauty,
Above, athwart, below.
Hast thou a soul within thee,
That moves thy waters so ?
Now rippling, rolling, dashing,
In one unceasing flow ;
Now writhing, moaning, flashing,
In fitful gusts of woe.
I see all mankind mirrored
Upon thy liquid face :
Law reigns supreme in nature
Throughout both time and space :
And hence thy fits of passion,
Thy waves' unceasing flow,
Are but a faint reflection
Of thoughts that come and go—
That throb and swell to bursting,
Within the human breast ;
An earnest, anxious yearning,
That will not be at rest.

Thy calm and placid bosom,
The tides that kiss thy shore,
Reflect the soul, where duty
And love reign evermore.

KING JOHN AND PANDULPH.

Before these later ages, lo ! I see
A monarch of our realm, on bended knee
Before the legate of a foreign power,
Betray his country in a trying hour.
Each British heart did burn with angry shame ;
Each tongue did heap with infamy the name
Of him who sold them to a foreign foe ;
The British hearts might not be humbled so.
Then bent that craven monarch's traitor soul,
And yielded to the British hearts their goal :
Those sacred liberties by all avowed ;
For soon the call to arms might sound aloud ;
From city, town and hamlet, near and far,
Might ring the tocsin of barbaric war.
The weakling king was fain to grant the boon
His hardy subjects claimed—but not too soon.
How many, like the cowardly monarch, John,
Too weak in heart and mind to stand alone,
Are found consorting with the vile and low
In dens where no wise man should ever go.
Then let all young and thoughtless ones beware,
And, when bad men or devils lay a snare,
Then let them look to God for help, and, though
The tempter lure them, bravely answer, no.

NOBILITY.

“ 'Tis only noble to be good.”

What, then, is true nobility in man ?
Is it to wear a crown, a sceptre sway ?
To ride in pomp and princely equipage
Amid the deafening shouts of gazing crowds ?
To lead the marshalled hosts to wasted plains
And ruined walls—to tread with unconcern
O'er mangled, bleeding human forms, and have
The noisy shouts of vict'ry fill the ear ?
Or is it, then, to sway the unreasoning crowd,
To fill their itching ears and shallow brains
With pompous sound and promises as vast
As wild imagination e'er would reach ?
Ah no ! nobility of highest type
Comes not thus flaunting to the public gaze,
Its sacred form bedecked in gaudy show,
Or publishing itself in trumpet tones.
It rather courts the shade : contented, there
It rests from public gaze, and meditates
Its own and others' good, until the voice
Of duty calls to active service ; then,
With humble, pure, self-consecrating zeal,
Incited by the law of love alone,
It seeks to bless mankind and rise to heaven.

OUR SPHERE.

O man ! O woman ! whosoe'er thou art,
That dwellest as a daily tenant here,
Look around—contented fill thy little sphere,
In sight of heaven, and with a lowly heart.

Thou hast no right to fault another's part
Till thou hast done thine own, true and sincere.
Let not ambition vault thee from thy place
Within the sphere of others, nor resign
Thyself to carping grief—it were disgrace—
Because thy path's too straight: 'tis more divine
To fill so well thy lowly place that none
Can blame, than have thy tender name maligned
For higher duties miserably done.

A LAZY MAN.

One summer evening, as I lay
Within my canvas tent,
I heard a voice not far away
That uttered this complaint:

“Ah me! I am a lazy man—
So everybody says;
And, though I do the best I can,
I cannot mend my ways.

“I'm lazy in the morn to rise,
And when I get around,
To toil is what I most despise,
Or even to walk the ground.

“At meal-time I am lazy too,
And when I eat, 'tis plain,
I have as much as I can do
To get me up again.

" I'm slow to go to bed at night—
I fear the bed is cold ;
Not even in sleep I take delight—
I'm surely growing old.

" I think some people pity me :
Some are inclined to blame ;
But, whether blame or pity be,
To me 'tis all the same.

" Whate'er you think, to me 'tis plain
My vital force is low ;
And how can you expect the train
Without the steam to go ? "

TO A MOSQUITO.

O, thou fairy songster ! what wilt thou now ?
To seek my blood, and charm me with a song ?
I hate such perfidy, in strong or weak ;
I scorn to crush thee, delicate and small :—
Perhaps not perfidy is thy intent,
But simple joy in prospect of a meal
To satiate thy craving appetite ;
If so, I wish to shew you leniency,
But still I hate to be deprived of rest.
I cannot bear thy fangs injected deep,
Conveying poison to my coursing blood.
It makes me nervous, feverish and disturbed.
Thy joyous song becomes a loud alarm,
And wakes my heavy ear, when other sounds,
Though louder far, and harsher to my ear,
Are like a soothing evening lullaby,

To sing my weary soul to gentle rest.
The thoughtless ask, "Why were ye made? or why,
When made, endued with such malevolence?
In adding torment unto happy lives."
Say! why were men of higher mould and thought,
Who take a fiendish joy in adding spite
To base oppression of their kind—Why made?
For joy of living we opine—the same
As all God's creatures on his footstool were.

MOVING CLOUDS.

There is a majesty in the moving clouds;
There is a grandeur in the gilded sky;
A glory e'en as darkness earth enshrouds,
And night reveals her starry canopy.
A thousand glories ever moving on,
Ceaseless yet changing in their varied hue;
To-day the fleecy clouds skim o'er our zone,
The next day shews the pure cerulean blue.
These varied sights awake high thoughts in me,
And raise the question to my wondering mind:
"How great, how glorious, must the Being be
That guides those clouds," so vast and unconfined.
Men talk of atoms, and their laws, that give
A strange mysterious power to regulate
The circling worlds, and things that grow and live,
As if they governed were by self or fate.
Can fate construct a world or guide its flight?
Or atoms choose its pathless way through space,
Without the guiding hand who rules on high,
And leads the circling sphere or downy cloud,
Through space or through the ether sky?

LOVE.

Love is not tears, nor sighs, nor winning smiles,
Nor flame of youthful passion in the breast.
It is not sudden ecstasies of joy
To meet long absent, now returning friends,
Nor protestations loud of deep regard.
'Tis not the warm embrace, or fond caress,
Though these may often bear it company.
True love delights in acts more than in words.
Love is a vital impulse, dwelling deep
Within the human breast, but rising oft
Spontaneous, expansive, full and strong,
Above the coarser passions of the mind ;
It sheds a mellow sweetness o'er the soul,
A mild suffusion on a desert life ;
It is the brightening light of human hearts.
As light extends our view, and then reveals
The beauties and the mysteries of earth,
So love expands the waiting soul, and gives
A truer insight into other minds.
Love's labour is not lost, though oft it seem
To be, when hearts 'twas meant to bless, reject
And spurn its pure and gently ministry.
No sparkling dew that nightly falls is lost ;
Though some fair flowers we love may droop and die,
Their petals drenched in dew ; yet other flowers
We heeded not may drink and live, and e'en
The arid soil absorb the vital mists,
And send its teeming shoots from hidden cells ;
So may our love bless those we hoped, though less,
And others whom we did not love or know,
Be blessed more than we shall ever think.

CONTENTMENT.

'Tis sweet when the day's toil is o'er
To sit down by my own fireside,
With nought to lament or deplore,
And no one to murmur or chide.

From a board that's ample and good
To partake with an appetite keen
The purest and richest of food,
I should be contented I ween.

From the paper that came from the store
To scan o'er the news of the day,
Or search for some interesting lore,
From the book that was purchased to-day.

Then with calm and contemplative mind
To survey each action and plan ;
For my own or the weal of mankind—
'Tis enough, I envy no man

His wealth, his position or rank,
Contentment is better to me
Than a ten thousand cheque on the bank
Or aught of the splendor I see.

THE RED, WHITE AND BLUE.

(TEMPERANCE ADAPTATION.)

O, Temperance ! the bond of our nation,
The joy of the brave and the free,
The hope of our people's salvation
Can never be severed from thee.

How many a hero is wearing
Thy badges of different hue—
See the rumseller's look—how despairing !
When met by the Red, White and Blue.

When drink scatters wide desolation,
And threatens our land to deform,
We stand on the noble foundation
That bravely withstands every storm.
With the banner of Temperance o'er us
We'll still hold our emblems in view,
And looking for victory before us,
We shout for the Red, White and Blue.

The wine cup we never shall cherish,
But haste to the rescue of those
By intemperance ready to perish,
And help them to vanquish their foes.
May our brethren united ne'er sever,
But each to his promise stand true,
Our pledges and badges forever !
Hurrah ! for the Red, White and Blue.

TO TEMPERANCE MEN.

(“Scots wha hae.”)

Lo ! the day is now at hand
For each valiant temperance band,
Boldly joining hand in hand,
To fight the demon drink.

Hear the tender mother's sigh
And the wife's despairing cry,
As they pierce the vaulted sky,
For help for erring ones.

Hear the drunkard's loud lament
Over wealth and time misspent,
Or example sadly lent
In the cause of wrong.

Think of what a mighty host—
Men of talent, fallen, lost—
Wrecked on life's enchanted coast
When skies were calm and fair.

Think how many a loving heart,
Nobly gentle, free from art,
Is driven to act a demon's part
Through drink's bewitching cup.

Let these thoughts then nerve your hand,
Firm and fearless take your stand,
God shall help the noble band
That fights in freedom's cause.

Let not the frown of foe dismay,
Nor the voice of friend delay,
Heaven's hand shall guide and stay
And give you rich reward.

Never dread that you shall fail,
Nor before the tyrant quail,
Faith and courage shall prevail
And triumph in the end.

LOVE'S MISSION.

There is no fairer plant on earth
Than this sweet plant of love ;
It shows itself of purest birth
Sent down from worlds above.

Its leaves are peace, its fruits are joy,
Its flowers are rich delight,
That yet earth's mis'ry shall destroy
And turn to day its night.

Go plant it by the prison cell,
In slums and alleys dark ;
Go bear it where diseases fell
Their groaning victims mark.

Go bear it to the battle field,
Where hate and carnage dwell ;
That bitter deeds ev'n there may yield
Unto its magic spell.

YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS.

And can it be that I am old,
And weak, and worn, and grey,
That I have passed the noon of life
And near its closing day.

It seemeth but a few brief years
Since I exultant stood
In all the buoyancy of youth,
With manhood at its flood.

And flushed with many happy dreams,
My fervid hopes ran high,
And splendid triumphs just ahead
Kept flashing in my eye.

'Twas not the thirst of gold that filled
My mind with dazzling beams,
Nor yet the love of power that lit
The color of my dreams.

The fondest wish that stirred my heart
In all these glowing days,
Was something higher than to share
In worldly fame and praise.

The hope of doing something for
My suffering fellow-man,
And so bring glory to my God—
Such was my cherished plan.

But now, alas! when I look back
How little good I see!
My life seems like a barren waste
Or like a fruitless tree.

Perhaps I've sowed the precious seed
For reaping yet to be;
I'll work, dear Lord, while I have life,
And leave results to thee.

THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY.

Old age ! can it be you're designing
An attack on me—stealthy and sure,
Ah ! then what's the use of repining
At that which we all must endure.

Then I'll meet you in any relation,
With a mind that is steadfast and bold ;
To me there is this compensation,
My heart can never grow old.

I love my friends fondly as ever,
And I cling with the ardor of youth,
To my country, my home—and shall never
Lose hold upon honor and truth.

My life may be shaded by sorrows,
And my limbs may grow feeble and cold,
My brow may be covered with furrows,
But my heart can never grow old.

'Tis little my pleasures have faded,
Since you took my arm in the way ;
Nor much has my pathway been shaded,
Or robbed of the beams of the day.

True, your touch has enfeebled my vision,
And memory loses its power ;
But nature gives wisest provision,
For my heart is the same every hour.

Then, what treasures of wisdom and knowledge
You have brought to me as a friend ;
You are better than tutor or college,
And I seek not acquaintance to end.

Yet 'tis not my life you are seeking,
'Tis only the chrysalis shell
I shall leave in this home, in your keeping,
Though I've clung to it fondly and well,

And after a contest unequal,
The victory to you shall belong ;
Yet my heart shall rejoice in the sequel
And join in the conquerors song,

But, age, very soon we must sever,
Give your hand while I whisper good-bye ;
'Tis strange that our parting should ever
Induce me to utter a sigh.

O age ! not alone you're advancing,
For I see a dim form in your rear ;
Who over your shoulders is glancing,
And waits introduction, I fear.

Then, age, and thou death, lend me pity !
If ye are the friends sent to guide
My way to the beautiful city,
Where God and His angels reside,

And lead gently adown the dark valley
And over the billowy sea ;
To the shore where the sanctified rally,
And the homes where the glorified be.

Then let all that about me is mortal
Go on in the course of decay,
For it never can enter that portal
That leads to the infinite day.

ELECTION DAY, JANUARY 20TH, 1890.

I look around me, and in sad dismay
I closely watch the seething mass of men
That tread our streets upon this fateful day,
That shall decide whose is the loss or gain.

Let sages boast of men franchised and free,
The pure enlightenment that gilds this age,
The strong palladium of liberty
No longer now remains our heritage,

For here I see the sturdy yeomen led
Up to the polls by sleek and wily knaves;
As fat, sleek beeves he carefully hath fed
Are led to slaughter—even so these slaves

Are dragged to moral degradation down.
O men! assert your manhood and be free;
Let neither gold nor rum debase the mind,
To sell or pawn your precious liberty.

OUR COUNTRY.

A land is spread beneath the western skies
Whose praise still unsung shall yet arise
To fill the ear of listening nations round
And wide proclaim her soil as classic ground.

Fair Canada! whose streams and fertile fields,
Fit nourishment for Europe's millions yield,
Though no gigantic war hath spread thy fame—
'Tis well, for bloody contests stain the name—
But yet thy rivers, lakes, and forest grand
Might surely well deserve a master hand
To wield the pen and wake the slumbering lyre,
And touch the heart with rapt poetic fire;
Till then, thy beauties shall our hearts inspire,
Thou broad and bounteous land that we admire!

HOLD ON.

Hold on! though the pathway seems doubtful,
Thy path shall yet grow clear,
For the clouds shall lift above thee,
And thy waiting friends appear.

Hold on! mid the heat of battle,
The smoke and din of war;
Though the death arms round thee rattle,
Help cometh from afar.

Hold on! though the heart grows weary,
With the burdens of the way;
Let the loving Master cheer thee,
And guide thee day by day.

Hold on! let not man beguile thee
From the straight and narrow way;
Nor the filth of sin defile thee,
Thy light should shine each day.

Hold on ! though thy strength is failing,
Thy courage almost gone,
A strength not thine prevailing
Shall always lead thee on.

Hold on ! for thy home comes nearer,
As each day's toil shall close,
And the light shall shine the clearer,
And sweeter the repose.

Hold on ! though the gay world allure thee
With its phantoms and with toys,
For it never can assure thee
Of the deeper, lasting joys.

Hold on ! for a moment halting,
Thy feet may miss the way,
And a minor thought exalting
May lead the heart astray.

Hold on ! for a prize is waiting
The faithful, patient soul
Who labors still without abating,
Till at last he gains the goal.

KING ALCOHOL.

King Alcohol is an awful foe
In every place,
He crushes his helpless victims low
In deep disgrace.

King Alcohol is a tyrant bold
Of the olden type,
He'll not let go when he once gets hold
With his iron gripe.
A terrible king is Alcohol !
When once his chain
Is thrown around the helpless soul,
He writhes in vain,
And woe to the man who dares to play,
With the serpent's sting,
He'll find himself in its coils some day
A helpless thing.
King Alcohol is a robber bold,
On our king's highway ;
He thirsts for blood instead of gold,
And day by day
I can see a host of victims fall
Beneath his blow.
I can hear them loudly call,
In pain and woe.
Come, stop his march e'er 'tis too late
To set them free,
And save them from a drunkard's fate
Eternally.

EPIGAEA.

We hail thee ! sweetest, first of flowers,
That o'er our land appear,
When April comes with sun and showers
To wake the slumb'ring year.

How gaily burst thy scented bells
Above the chilly ground ;
Before the sun has decked the dells,
Thy fairy buds are found.

We love the flowers that clothe the ground
In June-time, warm and green ;
But love you more—for you are found,
Ere other flowers are seen.

Sweet flower, we greet thy smiling face
And spicy, rich perfume :
The first of all the floral race,
That springs on winter's tomb.

WORDS.

Say ! what are words ? an idly floating breath,
That skimming air, drops on our troubled ears,
And, like a soothing midnight lullaby,
Composes souls to sleep, then dies away,
Like evening breezes on a summer's sea.
Again, they come like troops of pattering feet
From fairyland, with ringing shouts of glee
That makes our hearts rebound and laugh for joy.
Again with thundering crash they fall upon
Our naked souls, and make them seethe and boil
Like angry ocean into tempest lashed
By wintry hurricane that sweeps its face.
What might dwells in the floating sounds that leave
Our lips ! they make us weep for very joy,
Or make the soul so fierce and wild with grief
That tears refuse to flow and give relief.

As footprints on the sandy beach remain,
Till other prints obliterate the whole,
Just so do words affect the human heart
And leave their impress on the living soul.

TO A YOUTHFUL COMPANION.

Now draw thee softly up beside me,
I have some thoughts I'd speak with thee ;
For my neglect you will not chide me,
So I to yours will lenient be.

'Twas in the balmy days of summer—
Youth's summer then was on my brow—
How many thoughts of care and trouble
Have passed between these days and now,

I said 'twas first in balmy summer,
When sweetest flowers bedeck the lea,
I roamed the fields with you, companion,
Dearer that field or flowers to me.

We culled each flower of richest beauty,
Dripping with fragrance fresh with dew ;
Each differing in shape or tinting,
Reminds me of some grace in you.

But these, each season lose their beauty ;
Ere autumn comes they gently droop ;
Through piercing cold they rest in slumber
And sleep till warmth shall wake them up.

But we have passed through storms of autumn,
And winter's frosts have caused us pain ;
Yet through them all a blink of summer
Has come to cheer our hearts again.

Thy sunny smile, thy kindly greeting,
The welcome clasp of your soft hand,
Produced a thrill within my bosom,
A joy that few can understand.

We played beside the surging ocean,
From dewy dawn till sunless eve ;
We heard its sound and felt its motion,
But all too soon we had to leave.

The breezy cliffs that line its margin,
The groups of wild and sportive deer,
The gulls that skimmed the seething billows,
Are sights that to our hearts are dear,

The winding paths through shady bowers,
The wild bird's note that floats along,
Gave fleeter wings to happy hours
And sweeter cadence to your song.

We drank from shady, bubbling fountains,
At noontide's sunny hour of rest,
Or stood upon the crested mountain,
As glowing sunset draped the west.

These raptured scenes of youth come rushing,
In rapid tumult o'er my heart ;
My sickly brow e'en now is flushing,
Nor can I bid these thoughts depart.

These years may flee—but love can never—
Such love as glows within my breast,
This seething ocean cannot sever,
For space nor time can ere arrest.

GOLD.

Gold ! gold, the idol of civilization
The poor man's phantom, the rich man's adoration !
The bane of the fool, the tempter of the wise,
A lurer to crime, and dust to blind the eyes ;
Mocker of misery, and ghost of pleasure,
A cloy upon friendship, a treacherous treasure ;
A voiceless companion, and a soulless friend,
Inciter to passion and a curse in the end ;
A ladder to power, but a load upon worth ;
'Tis wings to the vain, but drags to the earth
The soul that would soar in its heavenly love.
'Tis this men scramble for, men's soul's gamble for,
For it men will toil or sigh, will bleed or die,
Peace love and truth deny, forge, cheat or lie ;
Lose even honor, health and reputation,
And worse than all eternity's salvation.
It makes intellect and heart and mind its tools ;
It makes men break the golden rule, and leaves them fools.

A MORNING REVERIE.

I gaze with rapture on this glorious scene !
For there is majesty in yonder clouds,
As mass on mass they roll across the sky—
Wind swept—now inky black, now silver lined,

Or tinged with bright, or gold and crimson dyes,
O that I could recline my weary limbs
Upon your downy lap ; and not as thus—
Toil worn—be bound for year and year upon
This groaning earth, and dig its oozy soil ;
Or reap its parched face for bread to eat.
Yet now imagination lifts me up,
To travel on thy molten wheelless car ;
For fancy is not bound to earth,
By such dull things as cumbrous clay ;
But through the floating mass, sails on with ease,
To purer brighter scenes above the skies.

LOOK AHEAD.

Look ahead ! the path before you
May contain a thousand snares ;
Men and demons watching o'er you,
May entrap you unawares.
Keep a bridle on your passions,
Let not appetite control ;
Heed not vice, or worldly fashions,
That would ruin your deathless soul.
Straight as ball that leaves the rifle,
Keep the mark before your eyes ;
Life can never be a trifle,
When before lies such a prize.
Reach ahead ! a crown awaits you,
If you struggle in the right,
Heeding not the foes that hate you,
Pressing on in manhood's might.

KING ALCOHOL'S RAID.

King Alcohol rode forth one night
Upon his fiery steed,
He swung his sword both left and right,
And charged with frantic speed.

Then paused a moment in his flight
To see his victims bleed ;
While men looked on in woeful plight,
Yet dared not intercede.

He slew the man of wealth and might,
The king, the prince, the peer ;
He conquered with a wild delight,
While friends looked on to jeer.

"Avaunt ! Avaunt !" cried one at last,
Majestic in his mien ;
The horrid monster stood aghast,
While I beheld this scene.

I heard the helpless orphan's wail,
I saw its mother's tears
Flow down upon her pallid cheeks,
Furrowed by many years.

I heard the hideous, hellish howls,
Like demons in despair,
Rise up from dens of crime and vice
Upon the midnight air.

He then threw victims on the ground,
And trode them 'neath his feet ;
At morn their bleeding forms were found
Upon the miry street.

The turbid streams in secret keep
The bodies of the slain,
Till angel's trump shall wake from sleep
The dead to life again.

MISFORTUNES.

Misfortunes seem a ghastly brood
When roused within their lairs ;
They come not singly, but intrude
In pairs or double pairs.

They come around, and scowl and grin
Like animals of prey ;
They seldom come a-visiting,
But mostly come to stay.

If for a time they should depart
And give their victim peace,
They're sure to take another start,
And with a large increase.

They never pay for board or rent,
Though they demand the best ;
For each one comes with full intent
To be a saucy guest.

'Tis little use to scold or fight—
They only grin the more,
And leave us in a sadder plight
Than we were in before.

But keep a cool and keen lookout
And watch the course they take ;
Just dodge them as they come about,
And so make your escape.

'Tis ten to one if they will leave
While we have aught in store,
For, though our puny hearts do grieve,
They still come back for more.

If dodging them be all in vain,
And we gain not the race,
E'en here let true contentment reign
And keep her former place.

O'er grim misfortunes' blows we fret,
But this for sure we know—
If we just want what we can get,
We'll surely have it so.

Although we tire of picking bones,
And find our meal but scant—
Remember he who nothing owns
Must only nothing want.

LABOURER'S EVENING SONG.

Another day of sweltering toil is past,
Another eve of sweet repose has come ;
While toil and care behind my back are cast
As I retire within my peaceful home :

A home made glad by woman's constant love,
Made sweet and glad by childhood's lispig glee ;
Enchanting comforts such as these shall prove
The toiler's life is not mere drudgery.

All day the keen and glittering axe I've swung,
With manly grasp I've piled the blackened wood ;
While oft resounding forest answer rung
To song that lightens labour hard and rude.

Yet many joys await my glad return—
The cheery meal or music's soothing strains,
Th' inspiring book that makes my rapt soul burn
With mighty thoughts from men of mighty brains.

For why should he who for his needed bread
Doth daily wield the axe, the hoe or plough,
Neglect the path that cultured thousands tread,
When that fair path invites his footsteps now.

For mind's not bounded by the soil we till,
The soul's not satiate by bread we eat ;
For such gross things as these can never fill
The soaring soul, or make its joys complete.

One aim, one object and one heart and soul
With kindred hearts and aims must wed ;
The day goes merrily as its hours unrol,
When love like sunlight over all is shed.

INEXPRESSIBLE.

Standing alone ! a flash of thought—the bright
Inception of sublimest truth from Heaven,
And heavenly fair, was mirrored on the mind ;
The soul expanded in its glad amaze,
Filled and ennobled by the image there.
I seized a pen, to give the thought a form,
That other minds might see as mine had seen
And feel as mine had felt ; but ah ! my touch
Was fatal to its power and loveliness :
Its beauty faded as a morning dream
When fretting cares intrude. Its virtue fled—
Its gold was turned to clay ; the drapery that
I hung but marred its form and lineament :
It seemed as vulgar as the battered toy
Of peevish childhood—worthless—cast away.
I could but sigh. “ Why is it thus ? ” I cried.
A voice then seemed to whisper in my ear :
“ Man’s weakness know—his childish love of change
Innate—the disappointing nature of
All earthly things—and know that Heaven reserves
The highest glory to Himself alone.”

THE TOILER.

He toils until the perspiration runs,
In briny ooze, from every pore and dims
His eyes and saturates his every garb ;
The weary form stoops earthward, and so holds
A close companionship with aches and pains ;
The heavy footsteps lag, the horny hands
Shake like an aspen leaf in blushing June ;
But happy still, though weak and harness-worn,
If duty done and God and mankind served.
What reckons he of luxury and ease,
Of ignominious or nice employ ?
To him life's task is recreation true,
And idleness enforced is toil indeed.
So to his task while life endures he goes,
For life is short enough to toil for heaven,
And heaven gives time enough for blest repose.

AN AUTUMN EVE.

The dying day departs with glory crowned ;
A crimson flush o'erspreads the evening sky,
And autumn leaves are falling to the ground,
And with the heavens in gold and crimson vie.
It makes me glad when things of earth that die
Display such brilliance ere they pass away ;
And I can look on death with kindlier eye,
Beholding these in all their bright array.
But age e'en here, with true prophetic sight,
Doth oft assume some shades of silver white :
Earth's type of beauty in a world of light,
"Where everlasting day excludes the night."

PIECES WRITTEN IN ALBUMS.

Life is always worth the living,
If we rightly live.
Love and truth are blest in giving,
If we freely give.
Nobly living, freely giving,
Ever live and give.
All that's wrong demands resistance
Ere the evil fall ;
All your fellows need assistance—
Lend your help to all.
Raise resistance, lend assistance,
Wake to duty's call.

Remember youth's a hurried race,
A narrow span ;
And it is but a little space
Till you're a man :
Then bravely run and hold your place
As best you can.

Our hearts are albums, which the King above
Hath fashioned by His hand with wisest care,
And writ upon its pages words of love,
While happy thoughts lie glistening everywhere.
Then let no evil hand presume to write
Where purest spirits should their thoughts indite :
And so your heart be as an album fair,
Where only live the beautiful and true,
And harmonies of truth so grand and new
That no discordant sounds of earth impair.

Upward ! through the shades of night,
Onward ! for the glorious prize ;
Ever may the clearest light
Shine before your watchful eyes—
Till your home appear in sight
In the mansions of the skies,
And a rapture of delight
Fill the heart with blest surprise.

Princes may shine in splendid equipage,
The rich may revel in luxurious ease,
The wise receive the homage of their age ;
But virtue only bears the meed of peace ;
Abiding, true, throughout life's pilgrimage.

As I would fondly write
Some pleasing thought for thee,
So may the Lord His truth indite
Upon thy memory.

SACRED SONGS.

SORROW AND SIGHING SHALL FLEE AWAY."

Why this doubt and gloomy sadness !
Why this dark, desponding fear !
Wake, ye Saints ! in songs of gladness,
For redemption draweth near.

Is it toil's unequal burden
Bows you with a load of care ?
Rest with God beyond death's Jordan
Waits for all His loved ones there.

And thy rest shall be the sweeter,
When thy toils are all laid down ;
And thy soul shall be the meeter
For the promised robe and crown.

Is it sin that like a mountain
Overwhelms thy prostrate soul ?
Know that God provides a fountain,
Where the vilest are made whole.

Are thy friends unkind—deceiving ;
Have thy foes triumphant grown ?
Look to Jesus, and, believing,
Trust in Him, and Him alone.

He shall be thy soul's salvation—
He shall be thy constant friend ;
From all foes and tribulation,
He shall keep thee to the end.

But a few more days of sorrow,
Then shall all your trials cease ;
Ye shall wake on God's to-morrow,
In His paradise of peace.

Then triumphant exultation
Shall dispel your sad complaints,
When ye see the great salvation,
God provides for all his saints.

Wake, O wake, the voice of singing !
Pilgrim, think of toil no more ;
Soon we'll hear heaven's anthem ringing,
On its fast approaching shore.

Land of rapture ! Land of wonder !
Here my longing soul doth wait,
Till earth's ties are rent asunder
And I pass the pearly gate.

Then, our hallelujahs raising,
With the hosts before the throne,
Heaven and earth shall join in praising,
Father, Son and Spirit—One.

THE KING'S JEWELS.

("When I make up my jewels."—Matt. iii., 11.)

The Lord hath His jewels in every land,
Altho' none may know
Which soul shall shine, till the Master's hand
Shall have made it glow.

And far and wide, in this earth's vast mine,
He can see each gem ;
And with tenderest skill will make it shine,
For his diadem.

But the mines of earth are deep and dark,
'Neath this alien sky ;
And none but the King Himself can mark
Where his jewels lie.

The Lord may find the purest gem
In a prison cell,
While He meets with one of baser flame
Where princes dwell.

Yet I ween the gems will be many more
In His heavenly crown,
Than the thorns in the one He meekly bore
'Neath the ruler's frown.

Though the polishing days are long and sore,
To the suffering one,
Yet the Lord cuts not a moment more
Than the work is done.

O, thou weary, tired and suffering soul,
 With your care and woe,
Be still, till your Father's plans unrol
 And you His wisdom know.

But not with grief o'er these trials now,
 Will you then lament,
When a crown like His shall adorn the brow
 Of the perfect saint.

Though the gems are hard and sin-defiled—
 With His blood and tears,
Will the Saviour fit the soul of His child,
 Till the crown appears.

And the Lord Himself will come some day,
 With His angel band,
And bear His jewels from earth away,
 To a better land.

And each happy saint, with rapture meet
 For his blissful state,
Shall cast his crown at his Saviour's feet,
 By the pearly gate.

SONG OF THE AGED TOILER.

To walk with God at my daily toil,
 As he doth lead ;
To hear His voice and see His smile,
 Is sweet indeed.

'Tis better thus, than with crowds and mirth
 To go astray ;
What cares my soul for the smiles of earth,
 On her heavenward way.

The cares of earth make a cumbrous load,
 For the weary mind ;
But I lay them down before my God,
 And rest I find.

The toils of life are enough to bear,
 For my growing years ;
Yet I bear my toil and load of care,
 But not with tears.

For I know the Lord hath meted all
 To the strength he gives,
And He helps the child whose strength is small
 Yet near him lives.

I thank the Lord for the way He leads,
 Though oft I'm tired ;
For the ills I bear, though sharp indeed,
 Are sanctified.

It is not my choice to gather here
 Earth's wealth or toys ;
God lifts my mind to a higher sphere
 And purer joys.

His blest companionship I seek,
 While I journey on,
And meekly hear what He shall speak
 To the listening one.

'Twill not be long that I'll need to wait,
In this world of sin ;
Till my toil-worn feet shall reach the gate
And enter in.

E'en now I can almost hear their song
Of rapture rise ;
And I long to join the blood-bought throng
In paradise.

THE SOWER.

Behold, a sower goes forth to sow,
Bearing his precious seed ;
He scatters wherever the grain will grow,
For rock or weed.

And lives in hope of a bounteous yield
Of wheat, in its golden prime,
When he gathers the sheaves of ripened grain,
In the harvest time.

Servant of God, go forth and sow,
Your work shall not be vain,
For the Lord will cause His seed to grow
In the hearts of men.

Sow in the bright and sunny hours,
With a loving heart and hand,
And God will send His dew and showers,
Till the seed expand.

And sow in the dark and cloudy days,
When the soul is lone and sad ;
And heaven will send his sun's bright rays,
To make thee glad.

Sow thy seed in the world's broad way,
Where thousands walk to death ;
Sow, if only one soul should stray
Across thy path.

Sow in the morning bright and fair,
When dew-gemmed flowers expand ;
Sow when the evening's balmy air
Wafts o'er the land.

Sow with a hand made strong by faith
And a heaven-directed prayer ;
Sow till the kindly hand of death
Shall lead elsewhere.

Sow with a heart attuned to song,
And a mind not soon depressed ;
Your seed time's short, but the reaping's long,
And reaping will be but rest—
A sweet and joyous rest.

“FRIEND AFTER FRIEND DEPARTS.”

First one friend, and then another,
Passes from our circle bright ;
And our sighs we scarce can smother,
Ere another drops from sight.

Often 'tis the loved and trusted
Launches for the unseen shore,
And we think how ill adjusted
Are events that we deplore.

Often 'tis the sweetest, fairest,
Thou, O death ! with envious grasp,
Rudely from our bosom tearest,
As their forms we fondly clasp.

Now 'tis he of ripest learning,
Who can wisest counsel give ;
Coolest thought and deep discerning
In the way that men should live.

Or 'tis one whose strength availeth,
On whose arm we fain would lean ;
When our mortal vigor faileth,
As we leave this earthly scene.

One by one they pass the river,
On whose tide we all must cross ;
Gone are they to bide forever,
And we deeply feel their loss.

Thus our hearts go bowed and mourning,
Faint in courage, full of fears ;
In our sad and brief sojourning
Through this weary vale of tears.

But a light we see is breaking,
As we lift our eyes on high ;
And our timid hearts yet quaking,
Greet the glory in the sky.

'Tis by faith we see the vision
Of Redeemer and redeemed ;
Oh ! the sight is more elysian
Than the hearts of men have dreamed.

Then we see that earth is fleeting,
Heaven alone shall stand secure ;
Friend with friend above is meeting,
In a rest that shall endure.

Earth is but a dreary desert,
Here and there an oasis ;
To refresh the pilgrim weary,
As he seeks a home in bliss.

Heaven is home, with many mansions ;
Earth is but a wayside inn ;
There is beauty—vast expansions,
Here is narrowness and sin.

Let our hearts look forward, bounding,
Till we reach our home above ;
Then we'll hear its music sounding,
And embrace the friends we love.

THE BELIEVER'S SAFETY.

How safe and sure is he, whose hand
Almighty power and wisdom guide ;
'Mid fierce temptations he shall stand,
On slippery paths he shall not slide.

28 25
32 22
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10

'Mid noontide heat he shall not faint,
In midnight gloom he shall not fear ;
In flood or flame the weakest saint,
Is always safe.—His God is near.

No lapse of time, no change of place,
Nor falsehood Satan can invent,
Can alienate us from His grace,
Or make him of His love repent.

Then why should danger make us dread ?
Why should our weakness make us fear ?
For faith in our triumphant head
Shall make us more than conqueror.

The hand that guides those orbs of light,
And in its hollow holds the sea ;
Can well sustain through all the flight
Of changing years that yet shall be.

Then safely, surely, may I tread
The path my Lord hath marked for me ;
He knows each step, then wherefore dread—
All dangers from His presence flee.

The Lord presides o'er sea and land,
Then whesefore should His people faint ?
He holds the system in His hand
And keeps the wicked in restraint.

“I KNOW NOT WHAT AWAITS ME.”

I know not what to-morrow's dawn
May bring to me of good or ill ;
Pleasure may drop like nectar balm
And on my head in peace distil.

Or else to-morrow's dawn may bring
Some sad misfortune on its train,
And soaring hope with broken wing
Descend to this bleak earth again.

Thus often have we seen the morn,
With rich and rosy beauty flushed ;
But ere the evening came, the storm
Had all that beauty rudely crushed.

So oft when promised pleasures lie
In rich abundance o'er my path,
Some tempest from a wrathful sky
Descends and buries them in death.

Yet oft we've seen the infant day,
Lie deeply swathed in gloom and showers ;
Yet ere the noon has passed away,
We sweetly bask in sunny bowers.

So, oft misfortune's shadows fly,
Like gloomy clouds above our head ;
But soon upon our troubled sky
The light bursts forth, the gloom is fled.

But 'tis our Father sendeth all ;
The cheering sun, the gloomy rain,
Alternately on nature fall,
To perfect flower and fruit and grain.

And so He kindly sends each child
The sun of joy, the gloom of tears ;
To perfect those by sin defiled,
And fit them for the higher spheres.

“TRUST IN THE LORD.”

Be still ! O troubled, anxious heart,
Nor let thy fears or doubts prevail ;
The Lord thy King shall take thy part
When friends forsake or foes assail.

Fear not the rage of envious men,
Nor all the fiendish threats of hell ;
Doth not the Lord forever reign ?
And shall He not their fury quell ?

What though the future seemeth dark
And all thy way is hid from thee,
Trust yet in God, for He doth mark
Thy course upon life's trackless sea.

And in the wildest of the storm,
When heart and faith and courage fail,
Thine eyes shall see the Christ-like form,
And hear His voice above the gale.

"'Tis I, thy Lord, be not afraid "
Shall gently fall upon thine ear,
Nor will His tender voice upbraid
When He beholds thy needless fear.

WHAT OWEST THOU ?

God keeps account with every man
And reckons day by day,
He never owes, but still He waits
On those who cannot pay.

From those who will not "square account,"
Or will not reckon true,
He will exact the full amount
The day the whole is due.

But where's the man can ever pay
A debt so long and large ?
Or where is he can even say
He can one mite discharge.

But though we cannot pay in full
Nor yet in heaven's coin,
We know that God is merciful,
That Jesus is divine ;

And able to discharge our debt,
If we will come to Him ;
For never sinners left Him yet,
With unremitted sin.

O! burdened one, with weary load!
Ho! sinners, great and small!
Come freely to the Son of God,
And He will pardon all.

And raise you to a home on high,
Where not a debt shall be;
Nor ought to stir a tear or sigh,
Throughout eternity.

LOOKING HEAVENWARD.

Lord, in my dark and cloudy days
I look to Thee,
That Thou would'st with Thy heavenly rays
Illumine me.

If unbelief or doubt assail
My trembling heart,
I cling to Thee, for Thou my help
And portion art.

When toil is more than I can bear,
And I at length
Am almost yielding to despair,
Thou art my strength.

If pressed with sorrow and with fears,
I humbly pray
That Thou would'st wipe away my tears
And be my stay.

Thou art a friend that cannot fail,
Whate'er betide ;
When mighty foes my soul assail
On every side.

Arise, O God ! and in Thy might
Defend Thine own ;
And let Thy foes be put to flight
And sin o'erthrown.

A LAMENT.

Alas, O Lord ! how profitless this life
That Thou hast given to me ;
It bears for self enough of toil and strife,
But little, Lord, for Thee.

Like choking weeds grows anxious worldly care
Within my troubled breast ;
And while I deeply mourn their presence there
I find but little rest.

The pomps and vanities of worldly men,
That all around I see,
Would haunt my soul and almost steal again
The life I give to Thee.

How like a barren cumberer I grow
Within Thy vineyard fair :
While leaves and flowers produce a pleasing show,
But little fruit is there.

I need that earnest, consecrating faith
That trusteth all to Thee,
And meekly listeneth when the Master saith,
“Go work to-day for me.”

I need a watchful and inspiring love
To purify the heart,
And burning zeal as seraphs show above,
To act a better part.

But Thou can'st give this faith, and love and zeal,
O gracious Lord, to me;
So bearing fruit each day, my heart shall feel
It bliss to toil for Thee.

LIFE.

When the morn of life is gleaming
In its golden light,
This is not the time for dreaming—
Dreams are for the night.

When the noon of life is hasting
In its onward course,
This is not the time for wasting—
Wasting brings remorse.

When the eve of life approaches
With its stealthy tread,
Do not load with vain reproaches
Days that long have fled.

As you pass each busy season
Of life's fleeting day,
Let thy conscience, truth and reason
Guide thee in thy way.

What thy hand shall purpose doing,
Do with all thy might ;
Ever in the light pursuing
That which bears the light.

“OUT OF DARKNESS INTO LIGHT.”

Out of darkness, baneful and obscure,
Where all is narrow, dark and undefined,
And clouds and mists enwrap the struggling mind,
Into the light of God, serene and pure—
Whose light is life—a life that shall endure
Throughout eternal ages, firm and sure.
O Light ! O Life ! through ages past extolled—
How thy beams expand my raptured vision
And bring before me thoughts, vast—elysian,
Until I see new truth on truth unfold.
What though I cannot search the heav'ns o'erhead,
Nor can I measure Thy infinitude ;
Yet faith, that rests upon Thy word, can tread
O'er holy heights, with mighty thoughts imbued.

CREATION'S THINE.

Redemption draweth nigh ! lift up your eyes !
Let heart, and hopes and aspirations rise
Away beyond the mists and storms of earth—
When the clouds break, new light and life have birth.

Perchance the home of saints embosomed lies
Beneath the calm of fairest skies.
Behold these marshalled suns in splendor ride
Through seas of ether, on the living tide,
Impelled by that eternal Energy
Which ruleth all things past, or yet to be.
Why ever grope for gold, or garnished toys,
When wide creation's thine, with wealth and joys ?

RISEN WITH CHRIST.

Risen with Christ, the Lord of glory,
Heir of riches yet untold ;
Stranger this than fabled story
Gathered from the myths of old.

Stranger e'en than scenes that fiction
Can upon its page unfold ;
Heaven's wealth of benediction
Wide before the world unrolled ;

Chiefest wonder of the ages,
Though despisèd oft by man ;
Yet by angels, prophets, sages,
Searched as God's divinest plan.

Have we suffered persecution
For the Saviour whom we love ?
We shall rise at dissolution
To a throne with Him above ;

Rise and reign as princes royal
Of the family of Heaven ;
Ever dutiful and loyal,
To the word our King hath given,

Then with sins and conflicts over,
All our imperfections gone ;
Want or suffering shall not hover,
Round the precincts of the throne.

Drawn to Christ in blest communion,
Cleansed by His precious blood,
In indissoluble union,
We are hid with Christ in God,

When the Lord's redeemed shall gather,
In a sweet and endless rest,
We shall then adore the Father
And the Son and Spirit blest.

THOUGHTS ON THE DEAD.

(Circumstances under which this was written are not known.)

I too, like thee, must die—this beauteous clay,
So wonderfully formed—instinct with life
And skill—This body that these many years
I've guarded well—have warmed and fed and clothed
And beautified by all the arts of men—
A mother, too, in my unconscious youth,
Once lavished love and care and anxious thought
To bring me on to blooming manhood's prime ;

With fond maternal pride she doted on
Her darling son. To think that this must end,
That fell disease, or else an accident
Shall cut me off, and leave me e'en as thee ;
Or that decay shall come, through lingering years,
And I grow weak and worn and numb with age,
And then be borne into the yawning grave—
And so be left as food for greedy worms.
Yet all is well—my deathless spirit lives,
This frame, so clumsy and corruptible,
Is thrown aside like a chrysalis shell ;
And I, triumphant in a purer life,
And bliss of holiness, shall wing my way
To join the hosts of all the purified,
In fairer, purer and ethereal frame.
This body c. my weakness, sin and death
Shall yet be resurrected from its grave ;
And this decaying world shall be sublimed
And purified by all consuming fire.

INFINITE.

Three infinities there are, and must remain—
Infinity of space—eternity—
And of an absolute over-ruling power,
Whose attributes are infinite and pure
And good. How then came sin, decay and death
Among the works of the Infinite Good ?
How can we, finite, grasp the Infinite,
Or judge of all His acts, or tell the why
Of the inscrutable ? Yet can I see
Within unbounded space, that which hath bounds.

The unmeasured vast contains minutest things,
Monads, infinitesimals, and all things
Mediate twixt these and infinity—
All these are steps, by which the mind ascends
To greater things, as children in a school
Begin at simples first ; then step by step
Proceed to what at first seemed mystery.
So we as children in a higher school,
Grasp simpler things in time—as days and months
And years, and on to cycles of the sun ;
And thus take hold of the eternities.
Of space, we first grasp feet, then miles and acres ;
And onward, till we meet our sister orbs ;
And thus we wander on to central suns ;
Till distant nebulæ seem in our grasp.
Of Deity, we reason from His works,
If these be great, he must be greater still,
If these surpass our comprehension, just
Then mystery enshrouds Him more, and we,
By keen comparison, begin to learn
Of things mysterious to duller minds.
But contrast also teaches truth, and shews
To us the height and depth we cannot reach.
'Tis thus decay and death, by contrast, shew
The height of immortality—and sin
By contrast shews the light of holiness—
Each star we see in yonder canopy
Expands to us the compass of the heavens.
Each sun within the sparkling firmament
Displays the majesty of Deity.
And yet the finite seeks the finite in

The Infinite—The changeable yearns for
The changeable in that which cannot change.
Man's eager, restless mind doth seek for bounds
In everything. He gropes, or climbs and soars
On wings of thought, where angels do not tread ;
But tired and worn and foiled, at last seeks rest
Upon the changeless and the Infinite.

THE PATH OF VIRTUE.

Men are fools who follow pleasure,
Or follow fame and empty praise ;
Greed of gold is a delusion,
Thirst of praise is but a phantom
That men chase from morn till even,
And when captured only mocks them,
Luring off to distant regions.
List ! O men, to voice of reason,
As it gently whispers to you,
If you heed its admonition,
It will lead you on to pleasure,
On to peace and satisfying,
On to joys that ne'er elude you.
Listen to the voice of conscience,
As it pleads in gentle whispers,
For it is the voice of Heaven,
Speaking to your better nature,
Leading on to nobler action,
Ever on to purer living.
Reason bids you curb your passions,
And refrain from wild excesses,

Bids you reach for purest knowledge,
Bids you seek undying wisdom,
Bids you walk in paths of virtue,
And in dealing with your fellows,
Act in even-handed justice.
To the weak and poor shew pity,
Help the helpless, guide the erring
To the path of peace and virtue,
To the path that leads to glory,
Never ending and supernal.
Love your fellows whom you meet with,
Love your Maker and Redeemer,
Love the good, the pure, the holy,
Loving all, be meek and lowly,
Living thus and loving ever,
Heaven shall give you joy forever,
Joy on earth with those you love,
Peace and bliss with Him above,

LEAD ME BACK.

Oh Jesus ! when my wandering heart would stray
In deep forgetfulness away from thee,
Then lead me back within that perfect way
That leads to joy and with Thyself to be.

Why should my trembling heart in darkness grope,
When in Thy presence there is purest light ?
Why should I seem a stranger void of hope,
When all Thy promises with love are bright ?

Oh ! blessed be Thy name, Thou hearest me,
Even though I oft have turned a listless ear
Unto Thy pleading voice, and could not see
Thy blessed face, through doubt and gloom and fear.

COME !

Come ! Sinner let us reason,
Whate'er thy case may be,
The present is the season,
The Lord inviteth thee.

For now, His voice is sounding,
Let every sinner hear !
His mighty grace abounding,
The vilest need not fear.

Come ! for in Jesus' merit
Is pardon for all sin ;
Come ! and a home inherit,
With God and peace within.

The spirit now is pleading
With sinners to arise,
And Christ is interceding
For you beyond the skies.

Come ! for the work is finished,
Redemption is complete
The gospel feast replenished,
That hungry souls may eat.

d fear.

Now is the time accepted,
Heaven's gates stand open wide ;
But a Saviour now rejected
May seal your doom outside.

Let every one that heareth
This loving call, obey,
And when the Judge appeareth,
Upon that awful day,

When heaven and earth are flaming
And gathered as a scroll,
The Lord shall enter, claiming
The purchased of His soul.

To bear them to a mansion,
Divinely pure and fair,
Whose beauty and expansion
Are vast beyond compare.

There's room and invitation,
Within the pearly gate,
A free and full salvation,
Why, sinner, do you wait ?

Come ! for no other pleasure
Can with His joy compare,
In rich abundant measure
Or sweetness half so rare.

AWAKE !

Awake ! ye ransomed souls, and sing
The praise of your Almighty King.
Behold, what glories crown the brow
Of Him who wields your sceptre now !
'Tis your Messiah victor crowned,
And angel hosts adore around ;
While myriad saints once conquerors here
Now join Him in the higher sphere ;
And crowd with joy the golden street,
To cast their trophies at His feet.
Behold ! 'tis He who bled and died,
By sinners mocked and crucified !
Behold the scars—the wounds He bore—
Pierced hands and feet and temples tore—
Now all these woes and pangs are past,
And He is victor—crowned at last.
And now He sits upon His throne,
To gather all His loved ones home ;
Let every blood-bought soul unite
To sing His praise, with true delight,
Who vanquished all our mortal foes
And from the grave triumphant rose.

THE SCENE BEYOND.

There is a scene beyond
These brief and fitful years,
Where justice calmly sits enthroned
Above the myriad spheres.

This life is not our end—
'Tis but the embryo,
Upon whose fruitage must depend
Our deeper bliss or woe.

We mortals are immortal,
And death is but a change—
The fateful step beyond that portal
Where all is new or strange.

Each day we plant—we sow
Each word, each act a seed
That shall imperishably grow,
Whether or not we heed.

Of the future we but dream,
For God its doom doth seal ;
No matter now how dim it seem,
'Twill be intensely real.

However fancy paints
Life's dimly ending path,
Faith sees a light surround the saint,
When near the gates of death.

Though doubters dare deny
Those things they cannot see
With their beclouded carnal eye,
'Tis yet enough for me.

The eye of faith descries
Beyond the filmy veil
That hangs around these eager eyes,
Our hope's fair citadel.

Then dawn, immortal light !
In bright effulgence dawn !
And give to me a keener sight,
To pierce the dark unknown.

LIFE.

Our days on earth are but a span,
Compared with all the boundless years
That measure out the life of man,
In other distant spheres.

Or as the quick respiring breath,
When some sad moment we complain.
It surely bears the seeds of death
Of turmoil, care and pain.

Or like the shadows are, that pass
Beneath the fleetly drifting clouds
That bear us onward—but, alas,
They bear us to our shrouds.

Or as a tale that's oft been told,
And will as oft forgotten be ;
A moment lost—they then unfold
A new life's mystery.

Our life is like the blooming flower
That thickly clusters round its stem,
Till the blazing sun in scorching power
Yields it to death again.

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?

What think ye of the lowly babe
Once born in Bethlehem,
And in a gloomy manger laid
With beasts and baser men.

Yet at His birth angelic bands
Did raptured anthems sing,
While sages came from distant lands
To hail a new-born King.

And, as the bud of infancy
Burst into blooming youth,
His life displayed glad industry
And pure, untainted truth.

What think ye of the Teacher who,
On vine-clad Palestine,
Revealed to man's astonished view
Heaven's mysteries divine.

Whose holy life a lustre shed
On all of human name,
And whose example daily fed
A bright devotion's flame.

What think ye of my Saviour blest ?
Hast thou no soul to save,
No aching void within thy breast,
No blessed boon to crave ?

Dost thou not fear that mighty arm
That bears unbounded sway ?
What power shall shield thee from alarm,
On earth's dread judgment day ?

What think ye of the suffering one
Who bled on Calvary ?
Oh, tell me ! was he God or man ?
Died He for self or thee ?

And if for thee then why this scorn
Of such redeeming love ?
Ah sure ! such sufferings meekly borne
Should deep contrition move.

What think ye of the risen Lord,
Who burst His rocky tomb,
And with the fiat of His word,
Dispelled death's sullen gloom ?

WANDERING OF THE SAINT.

How many buffetings the saint endures,
While sailing o'er life's deep enchanted sea !
Each pleasing phantom, floating wide and free
Upon its silvery current, swiftly lures
The fond admiring spirit, and assures
Of high-born joys, and pleasures yet to be ;
And then allured from its true course, the soul
Is drawn by varying currents, winds and tides,
'Mid dangerous reefs and rocks and waters shoal,
Where no repose or safety e'er abides,
But driving storms and crushing billows roll.

So drifts the soul, while dimly, conscience chides,
Until the heavenly Pilot gently guides
The wandering one His way to Heaven's goal.

TOIL ON.

Toil on, O man ! though toil's thy doom,
For doom may yet thy blessing be ;
For praise is his who plies the loom
Of life with skill and constancy.

Faint not, although thy frame shall ache
And cares distract the weary brain,
For faith and courage, yet shall make
Thy labour nought but lasting gain.

Lift up thy head ! nor yet repine,
Because thy lot seems hard and mean ;
An honest heart makes toil divine,
That in itself may homely seem.

Toil on ! for lo, a kingly eye,
Who once Himself bore toil and pain,
Looks gently on thee from the sky,
And with Him thou shalt shortly reign.

Think not that toil shall bring disgrace,
Nor yet that ease shall honor wear ;
Let honest labor win the race,
And truth the meed of honor bear.

God bless the tillers of the soil !
By them the multitude is fed ;
God bless the hardy sons of toil,
Who work for needed daily bread.

"CAST YOUR BURDEN ON THE LORD."

How often, Oh, how often,
When the heart is rent with grief,
Comes the voice from Heaven to soften
And whisper sweet relief.

It may but be the accent
Of a friend in passing by,
Or voice of angel kindly sent
To aid us, from the sky.

But be it friend or angel,
'Tis God's own voice of peace,
That cometh as a sweet evangel,
To make our sorrows cease.

God knows what care or sorrow
His children well can bear ;
Then wherefore should they ever borrow
A needless load of care ?

"LIGHT AFTER DARKNESS."

I fondly hoped that I might smoothly sail
Across life's sea ;
That no fierce storm or wild tempestuous gale
Might buffet me.

But soon the shadows came—the threatening clouds
Broke o'er my head,
And wrapt me in a tempest as a shroud
Wraps one that's dead.

RD.”
The tempest o'er, I merged into the light,
And all was calm ;
And I forgot the darkness of the night
As came the dawn.

IN TIME OF DROUGHT AND FIRE (1889).

Lord, hear Thy children cry
For the reviving rain,
The fruitful fields lie parched and dry
And feebly life sustain.

The sweet perennial springs
Have now forgot to flow ;
The babbling brook no longer sings
With murmuring soft and low.

The herds roam o'er the fields
With sad complaining cry,
Nor field nor stream this treasure yield,
For creature doomed to die.

Devouring fires consume
The forests wide domain,
And threaten with their direful doom
Our homes and fields of grain.

clouds
The incendiaries torch
Is stealthily applied ;
While raging flames, remorseless scorch
Our fields on every side.

The winds that gently fanned
Have turned a blasting breath
That sweeps the fire o'er all the land
And seems a flying death.

The sun that cheered the eye
With his benignant beams,
Now wanders through the smoky sky
With pestilential gleams.

Let not Thy children's voice
Ascend to Thee in vain,
But may their trembling hearts rejoice
In plenteous showers of rain.

'Tis not our merits, Lord,
That urgently we plead,
It is thine own most faithful word
And our increasing need.

Then what Thy will deems best
With meekness we receive,
And in Thy kingly wisdom rest,
Nor at our trials grieve.

JESUS REIGNS.

Hallelujah ! Jesus reigneth—
He who once on Calvary
Hung an outcast, God ordaineth
King of Kings for aye to be.

See Him once despised, forsaken,
Homeless and unknown to fame ;
Now angelic hosts awaken
Songs of triumphs to His name.

Hail Him, saints ! your soul's salvation !
Hail your now triumphant King ;
Bow before Him every nation,
And your richest offerings bring.

GRATITUDE.

O God, my King, how good Thou art !
How mindful every day
Of all my wants—this grateful heart
Can never Thee repay.

The still increasing debt I owe
To thee, my gracious King
Thy countless mercies constant flow
And cause my heart to sing.

The thought of undeserved good
So freely showed on me,
Should banish idols that intrude
Between my soul and Thee.

Then, Saviour, draw this wandering heart
Still closer to Thy breast,
That I from Thee may never part,
Nor seek another rest.

ALONE.

'Twas Sabbath—mid-day passed and all had gone
To worship in the house of God, while I
Had stayed behind, to wait and watch alone,
A Sabbath hush hung o'er the fields and sky
And not a sound broke on my wakeful ear ;
I turned upon a precious store of books,
To seek for solace and companionship ;
I knew and loved them all—but turned away,
My heart too full. So strange to be alone—
No listening ear, swift glancing eye, or tongue
Melodious with thought. But still my mind
Was full of thought—my heart was full of fire.
I thought of all the busy anxious years,
Of earnest efforts for success in life ;
Of faults and failures ; battles lost or won ;
And ceaseless contact with my fellow men.
These all had passed, as in an instant borne
Away from sight and mind ; and floods of joy
Broke in upon my soul. It must have been
God and His peace that filled my heart so full.
I wept for joy—'twas sweet to be alone—
Yet not alone. God's presence brings more light
And sweet companionship than many friends.

AWAY.

Away, away, through the ether blue !
On a path to me untried,
My spirit pines for a broader view
Than is by this earth supplied.

These eyes have seen, these ears have heard,
Of the strange, the grand, the true ;
That have the hearts of other stirred,
Beneath the circling blue.

My soul for a moment quite forgets,
She is held by prison bars,
That the galling pinions ceaseless frets
On her wings begirt with scars.

And this weary frame can almost feel,
The sweet elastic ease,
With which my spirit seems to wheel,
Through wide ethereal seas.

Away, on the wing of fancy borne,
On the stronger wing of faith ;
For this gloomy night shall have a morn,
And life shall follow death.

ADORING THE SAVIOUR.

O, Jesus Saviour, Son of God most high !
All glorious in purity and bliss,
Supreme in power, of tender pity full ;
Peerless in majesty, Thou King of Kings !
And victor in the fight that brought us peace.
Leader and Captain, Thou of all the host
That fight for right, for purity and truth ;
Jesus, our song and adoration still,
Son of the highest, King and Lord of all,
To whom the fairest of this earth seems vile,

And even the highest heavens not spotless are ;
Before whose piercing eye self-righteous man
Stands blanched and dumb, and angels round the throne
Cry day and night, " O, holy, holy Lord ! "
Yet, did'st Thou come unsought to seek the lost
And dwell amongst the helpless, false and vile :
Thy weary feet did walk the rugged hills ;
Thy head reclined upon the mountains wild,
Those hands of Thine did minister to man :
Diseases fled before Thy gentle touch.
Let all Thy saints bow down before Thy throne,
With meek submission to Thy holy will,
And praise Thy name through all eternity.

MUSINGS OF A POOR MAN'S SOUL.

Forsake me not, O Saviour, nor suffer me to be
Forgetful of Thy goodness, Thy love and truth to me ;
For a loving heart can but be thinking of the one
That his heart doth love the dearest and cherish as his own.
Art Thou not mine, O Jesus ! Hast Thou not given for me
Thy blessed life a ransom, from death to set me free ?
Then what exalted pleasure from these thoughts to me
shall come,
When I've such a friend to love me and take me to his
home ;
A home that's high in glory, beyond our mortal ken,
And shall never change or vanish like the changing homes
of men.
How can he who has a mansion like this prepared above,
And such a mighty Saviour, so transcendent in His love,

Be forgetful of the honour, and the duty that he owes,
To a friend who has redeemed him from the worst of
mortal foes.

O, say not that earth's labors, entanglements and strife
Demand the same attention as this great eternal life.
Nor say that earth has treasures, or a friend we ought to
love

Like the treasures of the ransomed, or the Friend who
dwells above.

The day may not be distant when I'll hear the summons
come,

To call me from my labours and bring me to my home ;
Then let me still be waiting for the message from on high,
To change this earthly dwelling for a mansion in the sky,
And let me love and honour and be faithful still and true
To the Lord who has redeemed me and will bear me
safely through ;

I am sinful, O my Saviour, and cannot sing the song
That is sung to Thee in glory by the shining angel throng ;
But I ask that Thou would'st hear me, in my weak,
imperfect lays,

Which, though mixed with sin and error, are the heart's
sincerest praise ;

Then when I reach the kingdom, prepared for saints above,
My song shall then be perfect and my heart be full of love.

COME ! YE WEARY.

Come ! ye weary, heavy laden,
Ye whose hearts are sore distressed ;
Come to Jesus with your burden,
Find in Him your peace and rest.

Hear His voice of tender pity,
See compassion in His eye ;
Can ye then a moment linger,
When to linger is to die.

Spurn not then the invitation,
Doubt not thou His gracious love ;
Unbelief rejects salvation
And a home with him above.

LOOKING TO JESUS.

Keep looking to Jesus, thou burdened with sin,
No law can condemn thee when looking to Him ;
The heaviest load that a mortal can bear
Is sin unforgiven and gloomy despair.

Keep looking to Jesus, when dark is thy way,
The dark clouds of night soon dissolve with the day ;
And He is the Sun that illumines thy path,
And can fill thee with light in the dark vale of death.

Keep looking to Jesus—the brightest, the best—
The light of the world never sinks in the west.
At morn or at eve, at the noonday or night,
Shines the “ Sun of my soul ” with ineffable light.

Keep looking to Jesus, for life has more care
And sharp disappointments than mortals can bear ;
Thy trials, thy losses, temptations and fear,
Are borne, or are lightened, when Jesus is near.

Keep looking to Jesus, when doubts like the tomb
Envelop thy soul with impassable gloom.
No other in earth or in heaven can dispel
The deep clouds of doubt in thy bosom that dwell.

Keep looking to Jesus, whatever betide,
Thy cares, doubts and darkness and grief will subside,
If cast upon Him who is waiting to share
The burdens humanity struggles to bear.

SING ! O EARTH !

Sing ! O earth, the King eternal
Rears for thee His righteous throne ;
He will banish powers infernal
And will make this world his own.

Long has man endured oppression,
Under worse than earthly foes ;
Long has he bewailed transgression,
Source of all his grief and woes.

Hear ! ye downcast, sad and weary,
Down trod by your fellow-men ;
Look to heaven, no longer fear ye,
God shall lift you up again.

FAITH.

Father ! I cannot see with these eyes,
Nor can I touch Thee, as I may the dear
Familiar friends, that I so highly prize ;
Nor with these ears Thy peaceful voice can hear.

But faith to me a keener sight supplies,
A quicker touch, a more receptive ear.
So I can find my eager spirit rise,
On wings of hope, toward Thy holy sphere.
So, day by day, I cry, O Lord, to Thee
That Thou to me a stronger faith wouldst give,
That I the more may yet Thy glory see,
And nearer, liker, to my Sovereign live.
And grant to me with each diviner sense,
That I may bear a meek submissive will;
A growing zeal to stand in truth's defence,
And 'gainst its foes to fight with greater skill.

MY SINS.

My sins like towering mountains rise,
To hide Thee from my sight;
And with their gloom o'ercast my skies,
So day becomes as night.

I cannot see Thy blessed face,
My joy, my peace have flown;
I seem a stranger to Thy grace,
With all my comforts gone.

This earth with its enchanting scenes
So crowd around my sight
That God and Heaven and holy themes
Seem lost in shades of night.

And thus my grovelling heart is bound
Too much to things of earth,
And my weak soul, in pleasure drowned,
Forgets her heavenly birth.

Begone ! false world, false hopes begone !
With your deluding toys,
And leave my soul with God alone,
To taste His heavenly joys.

ABSTRACTION.

So many voices fill my ear,
'Tis hard my blessed Lord's to hear ;
So many sights around I see,
They draw my eyes, my Lord, from Thee.
So many thoughts of gain or loss,
My careful soul each day engross ;
But little room my heart can spare,
For him whose right is sovereign there ;
So much of thought our friends demand,
Our ready hearts to these expand ;
While He who watches o'er our way,
Supplies our wants from day to day,
But gains from us a passing thought,
Although our life by His was bought.
Forbid ! dear Lord, these things should be
A barrier twixt my soul and Thee ;
But 'midst my deepest joy and care,
Be this my constant aim and prayer :
No matter what I hear or see,
My heart shall yield the first to Thee.

MATTHEW V. 11, FOR MY SAKE.

Yea, Lord ! if 'tis for Thy dear sake,
Afflictions need be borne,
Then let my sufferings never make
My soul draw back or mourn.

What terror then has mortal frown ?
What does all hatred prove ?
When I can feel Thy love shed down
Upon me from above.

For Thou hast borne enough for me
Of sin and woe and shame ;
No matter what I bear from Thee,
My soul should not complain.

Thy children, Lord, in days of old,
Esteemed earth's treasure loss ;
'Twas so they shared Thy blessed fold
And meekly bore the cross.

So let all earthly good appear
As trifles in our eyes,
" When we can read our titles clear
To mansions in the skies."

HYMN FOR PUBLIC WORSHIP.

Now ,gracious Lord ! within Thy court,
On this Thy holy day,
We seek an hour of calm resort,
To praise Thy name and pray.

E.
We praise Thee for the comforts lent,
Since last assembled here ;
And for the hours so sweetly spent,
While walking in thy fear.

We thank Thee, Lord, that Thy good hand
So shields us from all ill,
That we are here at Thy command,
Again to hear Thy will.

We pray that now Thy spirit may,
Endue us with Thy grace,
To hear what e'er Thy word shall say,
While gathered in this place.

Let wandering thoughts and worldly care
Be banished from the mind,
That we, in undistracted prayer,
May strength and comfort find.

And may the truth that dwells within
Thy pure and precious Word
Incline our hearts to keep from sin
And near to Thee our Lord.

Now, Lord, reveal Thyself to us,
While waiting at Thy feet ;
Let sweetest joy be ours, while thus
Before Thy mercy seat.

And so, through days and years to come,
Thy courts on earth shall be
A foretaste of that heavenly home
Where we shall dwell with Thee.

HYMN OF PRAISE FOR BLESSINGS.

Infinite God ! Eternal King !
Who dwell'st in unapproached light,
Thy lofty praise we lowly sing
And with our tongues our hearts unite.

We thank Thee for a rich supply
Of life and health and daily food,
And that Thine ear attends our cry
For every needed earthly good.

We thank Thee for Thy guiding hand,
That leads us on from day to day,
And for the strength that makes us stand
Amid temptations by the way.

We thank Thee for the blessed Word
Of holy wisdom from on high,
That shines upon our darkened path
To lead us upward to the sky.

We praise Thee for the Comforter
That teaches us Thy truth to know,
Supports our courage, quells our fear,
And cheers us when opprest with woe.

We praise Thee for Thy pitying grace,
And for Thy unexampled might,
That out of grovelling worms can raise
Sons that may dwell with Thee in light.

GS.
We praise Thee for Thy wondrous love,
That sent Thy Son to rescue men,
And lift them to Thy courts above,
Regenerate and born again.

We praise Thee for a home on high,
When life and all its toils are o'er,
When not a tear shall dim the eye,
And sorrow shall oppress no more.

Where we shall meet with angels bright,
And greet the friends we loved while here,
And see our Father robed in light
And be to Jesus ever near.

Alas! our praise how feeble now,
And nought compared with all Thy good;
But when before Thy throne we bow,
Our praises shall be as they should.

“BEHOLD! WHAT MANNER OF LOVE.”

What wonder it will be, to see
The mighty King upon His throne;
A greater wonder still, to be
By God Almighty called a son.

A worm of earth exalted high,
'Mid flaming seraphs there to dwell;
Who but deserved this doom—to die
And sink among the lost in hell.

t.

Infinite love ! Amazing grace !
So far beyond our highest thought,
That mortal tongue can ne'er express
The glories of the pardon bought.

The careless world can never know
The honor that to us is given ;
It did not know the Son below,
Nor will it follow Him to Heaven.

But we, whose hopes are fixed on high,
Anchored within the veil and sure,
Moved by this love, should purify
Our hearts, as God Himself is pure.

WONDERFUL LOVE.

Oh this love ! this wonderful love !
That brought the Saviour from above ;
Wonder of wonders 'tis that he
Should die to save a wretch like me.
Wonder of wonders 'tis that I
Should gain a mansion in the sky !
The depth of this love no mind can know.
'Tis deeper than the depths below.
The height of this divinest love
Is higher than the heaven above,
Its breadth is more than earth or sea,
Or all of vast immensity ;
This love is older than our race,
Nor will it end nor e'er grow less ;

This mighty stream's so broad and vast,
A million worlds can ne'er exhaust.
Wonderful is the power of God !
Wondrous is His bright abode !
Wonderful is his faithfulness,
And His truth and matchless grace !
But that which most our hearts can move
Is still this vast and wondrous love.
The king who rules immensity,
Maker of all the worlds we see,
Came down to earth to dwell with men
And die to win them back again ;
So meek, so pure, so loving, kind,
How sad to think that he should find
No loving welcome from His own,
But be denied His rightful throne.
I love to tell its matchless power
And how it blesses every hour ;
It sheds a light o'er deepest gloom
And spreads a halo o'er the tomb.
The king whom in this love shall rest,
E'en as a king is doubly blest ;
And he who hath not made it sure,
With crown and kingdom, still is poor.
Love, inexhaustible and pure,
In depth a mine that shall endure
While long eternal ages roll,
To bless and satisfy the soul ;
O love infinite ! love supreme !
The sinner's boast, the angel's theme !
The glory of this love divine

Is all thy own and shall be thine.
No glory can accrue to me,
But mine the joy to dwell with Thee
In rapture that began below
And shall through endless ages flow,
This tale of love, though often told,
Can never weary or grow old ;
Its power can tame the savage breast,
Can soothe the wounded heart to rest,
Or calm the mind oppressed by fear
And gently check the flowing tear.

ON GALILEE.

Twelve weary seamen on the stormy lake
Had rowed nine tedious hours ;
But still, the wished-for port they could not meet,
With all their powers.

But at the darkest hour before the dawn
They dimly saw a form,
That paced the raging deep supremely calm
And stilled the storm,

And to their anxious hearts and listening ears
He mildly made reply :
“ Let not your trembling hearts be filled with fear,”
For it is I.

Methinks, a deep tumultuous sea
Oft heaves within the breast,
Whose human passions raging billows be
That will not rest.

These fiercely roll like waves of liquid fire,
And blast this lovely earth ;
For robbery, murder, war, unchaste desire,
Of these have birth.

These surging passions can no earthly art
Or power of human will
Lay calm ; for fierce and strong within the heart
They struggle still.

KEEP ME.

Oh ! keep me as the apple of thine eye,
For I am weak against the tempter's power,
And often fall in an unguarded hour,
Ere to the shelter of Thy wings I fly ;
My enemies in constant ambush lie,
And find me oft in pleasures scented bower,
So far from Heaven's protected hiding tower ;
Unless thou keep me, by these foes I die ;
So feeble is my strength, so busy found
In worldly things, it seems like wasting life,
To be for aye on the defensive ground,
And not to enter on aggressive strife.
So help me, while I build upon the wall,
To watch with sword in hand, and not to fall.

WHITHER ?

To what untravelled bourn
Do all our footsteps tend ?
The dire uncertainty we mourn,
For thought reveals no end.

For our eager spirits grope
Around us for the light,
Yet scarce a glimmering of hope
Dispels the gloom of night.

And the ever-wakeful eye
Of wisdom peers abroad,
In search of mountain-top or sky
That points to our abode.

In vain we call to those
Who've reached the other shore ;
They could not tell us, if they chose,
What Heaven may hold in store.

The spirit sighs for peace,
This toil-bent frame for rest,
Some strand where toil and tumult cease
And waiting ones are blest.

The footsteps left behind
We yet can plainly see ;
But no such marks our eyes can find
In wide futurity.

Nor eye nor thought of man
His destiny reveal ;
Yet Heaven bestows a gift that can
The secret book unseal.

Though reason search in vain,
Her efforts dull and faint,
Yet faith can make the mystery plain
And cheer the drooping saint.

TO BE WITH CHRIST.

Gone to be with Christ in Heaven !
Gone to prove the promise given
 In His faithful word !
Gone to join the hosts before us
In their grand Sabbatic chorus
 To their risen Lord.
No more sin and no more sorrow,
No more dreading what to-morrow
 Bringeth as our share.
No repining or regretting,
No more murmuring or fretting,
 No more anxious care :
No distrust or doubtful pleasure,
No repining at the measure
 Of our happiness.
No more doubting or debating,
No more losing or forgetting,
 Ours is perfect bliss.
Spot shall never mar our beauty,
Bliss is but our cherished duty,
 Service is the goal.
'Tis not wealth or honour pleases ;
Jesus ever, only Jesus
 Satisfies the soul.
No reluctant work or tiring,
Heavenly service is inspiring,
 Burdens light to bear ;
There is neither pain nor weeping,
Nor anxious thought and care in keeping
 All our treasure there.

ALL-SUFFICIENT.

O Jesus ! I love Thee, for Thou art to me
A friend that is dearer than others can be.
My King, my Captain, my Saviour divine !
In Thee all the glories of Paradise shine.
My Advocate, Friend, Intercessor above,
O, should I not love Thee, beholding Thy love ?
My Sun in the darkness, my S^hade in the heat,
My Rock and my Fortress, my Ark of retreat ;
My blessed Example to follow through life ;
My Strength in the conflict, my Peace in the strife.
My perfect Instructor, to sit at Thy feet
Is life to my soul and companionship sweet.
My Captain, my Pilot, in crossing life's sea,
How can I not love Thee ?—Thou'rt all things to me.
Bereft of Thy presence, hope flies—ah ! how soon
My soul would be wrapt in darkness and gloom.

“JESUS HIMSELF WENT WITH THEM.”

LUKE XXIV. 15.

Oh Jesus, Saviour ! walk with me,
Mid toil and doubt and fear ;
Unveil my eyes, that I may see,
And feel that Thou art near.

Too cumbered has my spirit been,
My eyes too dim to see ;
I have not heard, I have not seen,
When Thou wast near to me.

Oh ! give me then a listening ear,
A truer, quicker light,
That when Thou speakest I may hear
And see Thee in Thy light.

Thus left with Thee, alone—retired
From every human eye,
How deeply has Thy love inspired
My soul with ecstasy.

Let sin nor doubt upon my way,
E'er veil Thee from my sight ;
Bereft of Thee e'en brightest day
Would seem like darkest night.

But walk with me, from morning light
Until the day shall close ;
Then walk around my couch at night,
When nature seeks repose.

In every duty, every care,
Be Thou my strength and guide ;
To keep my heart from every snare,
And safely at Thy side.

And lay Thy blessed hand on mine,
And gently speak to me ;
No company's so sweet as Thine
Nor half as pure can be.

And when I near death's gloomy vale
And stand on Jordan's brink,
O suffer not my faith to fail
Nor let my footsteps sink.

And when at last Thy form divine
Upon the Throne I see,
What bliss is mine ! What glory Thine !
Throughout eternity.

EVENING RETROSPECT.

Another day has run its course,
And I am nearer home ;
But am I fitter for the change
That soon or late must come ?

What lesson have I learned to-day,
What victory obtained,
O'er some temptation in my way,
And thus in strength have gained ?

Or, when I saw a brother bent
Beneath a load of care,
What kind assistance have I lent
And helped that load to bear ?

Or if I heard the voice of scorn
Profane my Maker's name,
What testimony have I borne
Against the crime and shame ?

"LOVEST THOU ME?"

I love, Thee, Lord, but, yet, how much
Is hard for me to tell ;
Yet this I know, my love is such
That I would rather dwell

The meanest servant in Thy court
And have a home therein,
Than reign with those whose fond resort
Is palaces of sin.
Yes, love Thee—I would rather hear
A falsehood vilely strained
Against the name of those most dear,
Than hear thy name profaned ;
I love Thee, Lord—for well I know
What Thou hast done for me ;
Though best of blessings here below
Are not like those to be.
I love Thee—for even here I see
Sweet tokens of Thy grace ;
But none may tell what things shall be
When there I see Thy face.
I murmur not, if good and ill
Have been my lot while here ;
Since each in turn assist me still,
To reach a higher sphere.
O Lord, my faith, my love increase,
For this I surely know,
The more my love, the more my peace
And happiness shall grow.
The measure of my love, dear Lord,
Is not as Thine to me,
For I can look within Thy Word
And in that mirror see
How long, how broad, how deep and high
Is that surrounding sea
Which girdles us as does the sky

And bidst close to Thee.
I love Thee, but I most desire
That I should love Thee more.
Oh! may Thy love set mine on fire
And make my heart adore.
Thy love to me hath changeless been
Through all my sinning years;
When cloud and storm did intervene,
I saw it through my tears.
Awake, my soul! and thou my tongue
Declare this wondrous love,
The theme of our immortal song
On earth and heaven above.
How many a toil-encumbered day,
How many a cheerless night,
Thy love has been my constant stay
And my supreme delight;
Let others sing of earthly love
And every tender tie,
No love like Thine can ever prove,
For it can never die.
Lord, as Thy love doth ceaseless flow
Nor ever shall decay,
Let mine to Thee the deeper grow
And changeless day by day.

JESUS IS MY FRIEND.

What joy it is to know,
When gathering storms descend
And bow my fainting spirits low,
That Jesus is my friend.

'Tis not man's puny arm
Nor weak, inconstant will
That seeks to guard my soul from harm,
Amid surrounding ill.

'Tis He, the King of kings,
Whose arm of mighty power
A full and sure deliverance brings,
E'en in the darkest hour.

I ask not, Lord, that Thou
Should'st give me ceaseless gain,
Nor that this frame should never bow
To want, disease or pain,

This only would I ask :
When aught of ill I bear,
That in Thy smile I sweetly bask
And rest securely there.

And so my patient soul
Shall still rejoice in Thee,
Until I reach that blissful goal,
From sin and sorrow free.

LINES SUGGESTED BY SABBATH TRAINS.

What startling sound salutes my ear
On this calm Sabbath morn ?
A sound that starts the saddening tear
Upon the air is borne

'Tis not the sound of war's alarms,
Blown from the distant plain
Not bugle call, nor clash of arms,
That fills the heart with pain ;

But hours we give to God and heaven
Men wantonly profane,
And meditation hence is driven
By every passing train.

Has God not in His bounty given
A full allotted span
When he but claims one day in seven,
And gives the rest to man ?

And even that to him is given
But for a nobler end—
To hold in partnership with heaven,
And in his friendship spend.

Take heed ! ye rulers of our land,
For righteous Heaven looks down ;
Despise not ye His wise command,
Nor dare provoke his frown,

Lest He—the sovereign of this realm,
Descend in righteous ire,
And in His vengeance overwhelm
Our land in blood and fire.

Oh ! why this madd'ning chase for wealth,
This eager rush for gain,
That blights the reason, blasts the health
And leaves its moral stain ?

Let not this greed of godless gain
Destroy the higher life,
Lest it imperil our domain
And lead to bloody strife.

COME HOME.

Come home to thy Father, thou prodigal child,
And wander no more o'er the wilderness wild ;
There's room in His bosom of infinite grace
For each prodigal son of our perishing race.
Why starve upon husks with the famishing swine
When the richest of food at His board may be thine ?
Why wander in rags in a far away land
When the King shows a robe and a ring for thy hand ?
“ Come home ! ” calls thy Saviour, “ I'm seeking for thee ;
A feast and a mansion are furnished and free.
Come home ! see for thee how I've suffered and died ;
See these wounds in my hands and my feet and my side ;
Then say, why refuse when so much has been done
To purchase thee peace and provide thee a home.
Come home ! hear thy Father now calling to thee,
And angels are waiting thy escort to be.
Come home ! for the famine is raging abroad,
There are thieves, there are robbers infesting the road,
And Satan is waiting thy soul to ensnare,
To drag thee a captive to woe and despair.
Come home ! ere the day of His mercy is past,
Thy plea be rejected, and Heaven shut at last.
“ Come home ! ” plead His servants, sent out to invite,
And the cry is re-echoed by angels of light ;

Come home ! there is music and joy evermore,
Awaiting for thee on that beautiful shore ;
Its gates are of pearl, its streets are of gold,
Its treasures and vestments shall never wax old.

HYMN OF PRAISE.

All glory to the King of Kings,
Who rules the boundless realms of space ;
Yet of His mercy freely brings
Salvation to our ruined race.

And glory to th' incarnate Son,
Who laid His radiant honor by,
To die for rebels—lost, undone,
That He might raise them to the sky.

But what is man, that he should gain
The favour of his Heavenly King ?
A worm defiled by every stain
That can to ruined nature cling.

'Twas all of pity, all of grace,
His love o'erflowing like the sea,
That made Him take the sinner's place
And die for him on Calvary.

O love divine ! O love most pure !
Supreme o'er every love beside,
That led our Sovereign to endure
The anguish of the crucified.

Then, shall a heart remain unmoved !
Or shall a lip forbear to tell
The praises of our King beloved,
Our Saviour, Lord, Emmanuel ?

The doom of sin—the rage of hell—
The wrath of an offended God,
Broke o'er Thy soul, Emmanuel,
And crushed Thee with the mighty load.

But He, in whom is quenchless life,
Arose triumphant from the grave,—
Was crowned a victor in the strife,
And lives omnipotent to save.

All glory to the King of kings,
Who rules the boundless realms of space,
Yet of His mercy freely brings
Salvation to our ruined race.

GOD'S GIFT TO MAN.

Oh, hear the news—the blissful news
Of the great salvation given ;
'Tis free to all to come and share
This gracious gift of Heaven.

This priceless gift is free to you,
This gift is free to all ;
Not offered to the favoured few,
But to the great and small.

This gift is princely—from above—
The bounty of a king ;
And worthy of the Sovereign love
Which all redeemed one's sing.

Man cannot buy this priceless thing,
Not wealth enough is given
To earth, to purchase from our King
The greatest gift of Heaven.

Nor is this gift a thing to throw
Aside with thoughtless jeers,
For on its use hangs joy or woe,
For long, eternal years.

O man immortal ! why this care
Of trifling earthly toys,
Why thus indifferent to a share
Of Heaven and its joys.

HIS CROWNS.

There are crowns of Bay for the victor's brow,
When his triumph's won ;
And crowns of gold, when the kingly vow
Secures the throne.

And crowns with pearl and diamond set,
By princes borne ;
But our king a stranger crown hath met—
'Tis one of thorn.

But He who wore that crown of shame,
 'Mid taunt and jeer,
Now wears a richer diadem
 In a brighter sphere.

He needs no crown of pearl and gold
 To deck His brow,
Nor wealth nor gems can e'er unfold
 His glories now.

When the King of kings descends in flame,
 And the trumpet rolls,
Our Lord shall wear a diadem
 Bedecked with souls.

No crown so rich hath yet been borne
 By priest or king,
And 'tis well our Priest and King hath worn
 So rich a thing.

'Tis fit that He, who bore our load
 Of sin and pain,
Receive the crown becomes our God,
 And o'er us reign.

WORTHY THE LAMB.

Hail to the lowly One !
Praise to the holy One !
Saviour of sinners, in glory enthroned.
Hark ! how the angels sing
Praises to Christ their King,
Honoured in Heaven, though on earth once disowned.

Think of the woes He bore,
What pangs His bosom tore,
His bloody sweat in dark Gethsemane.
Think of the crown of thorn,
Mocking how meekly borne,
The cruel cross He bore on Calvary.

Praise then the mighty One !
God's high anointed Son !
Who left Heaven's throne sin's sacrifice to be.
Now he ascends on high !
Sovereign of earth and sky !
To build a home for sinners such as we.

LOOK UP.

Ho, weary saint ! with toil opprest,
In vain ye search this earth for rest.
She has no Eden nor repose,
No respite for contending foes,
No brilliant flower without its thorn,
No home whose inmates never mourn ;
Nor palaces with thrones of ease,
Where scenes and banquets always please ;
No peaceful, calm, inviting port,
Where storm-tossed mariners resort ;
No lasting, true, unmingled joy ;
No precious ore without alloy.
Yours, though it be a royal road,
Leads roughly to your king's abode.
Look up ! ye saints, beyond this earth,

Where light and life and love hath birth,
Away beyond this toil and strife,
To realms of everlasting life,
There's joy and peace that shall remain,
And purity without a stain.

A HUMBLE SOUL'S ANSWER TO
JOHN XXI. 13.

I love Thee, Lord ; but not how well
My weak and faltering lips would tell.
The truth that I so much deplore
Is that I do not love Thee more.
I love Thee—rather would I boast
How much Thy greater love hath cost ;
How much to Thee of tears and pain,
Of insult, mockery, and shame ;
But here my boast would only seem
A mockery on so high a theme,
For how can tongues of mortals shew
What angel minds have failed to know.
I love Thee—yet be this my prayer,
That I my cross may meekly bear,
In token of Thy love to me,
And of my feebler love to Thee.
I love Thee—yet I dare not say
That I have loved Thee more than they ;
My lowly heart would still adore,
If others loved or served Thee more ;
And may their pure example lead
My heart to purer love and deed ;

It is not one who dares to claim
The merit of a spotless name,
That seeks on earth to win Thy grace,
And in Thy kingdom find a place.
But I, a weak and sinful worm,
That but deserves Thy wrath and scorn ;
But, oh ! the matchless power and grace,
That fits me for a dwelling place
Within Thy kingly courts above,
Where all shall know and own Thy love.
Then give me, Lord, a clearer sight
Of all the length and breadth and height
Of Thy divine, transcendant love,
The theme of angel song above.

SEEKING LIGHT.

I seek a home that's not of earth,
A home that's bright and fair,
Where light and purest joys have birth,
And never broods a care.

How oft I wish we once might view
That fair, beloved land ;
That we might prove His promise true,
And on that promise stand.

How weak our faith, our hopes how dim !
Our keener worldly sight
Seems but to veil our view of Him
Who is our soul's pure light.

Our souls grope on from day to day
Along life's dreary road,
And ever wander from the way
That leads to our abode.

And day by day, O God ! I cry,
Us stronger faith to give,
To illuminate the inner eye
And teach us how to live.

THE INFINITE.

O God ! omnipotent, unsearchable,
Whose eye surveys the utmost future years,
With all their harvest of untold events,
As clearly as it scans the present hour,
Whose living presence fills remotest space
As full as when Thou sittest on Thy throne,
Those myriad worlds are Thine—their courses and
Their government demand Thy instant care.
Ambassadors of state from every realm
Surround Thy throne. Angels and archangels fill
Thy courts with high behests of empires vast.
By day, by night seraphic choirs invest
The throne in songs of adoration meet.
And yet, Thou bendest down to this lone spot
Of earth, to hear the cry of this Thy weak
And wayward child, who pleads Thy kingly aid.
How sweet the thought that I can speak with Thee,
The Omnipotent, and Thou dost hear my voice ;

That I can lean upon Thy mighty arm,
Or hide beneath Thy sheltering wing, and know
Thou lov'st me, for the sake of Christ Thy Son.
The cry of all Thy creatures reaches Thine ear,
But yet they fill it not. The wants of all
By Thee are liberally supplied, and yet
Thy store of good is not diminished ought.
And day by day, Thou fillest man and beast,
Though unsolicited, by creature good.
But choice of blessings, Thou bestowest on him
Who humbly asks and fears Thy holy name.
How great art Thou ! how good ! how pitiful
To erring man ! How patient of their faults,
How tender to their weaknesses and pain ;
How watchful of their oft recurring wants,
How full are Thy supplies to rich and poor.
The rich petitioner of earth receives
No swifter answer than the meanest slave.
Kings gain no readier access to Thy throne
Than serfs or those in vilest servitude.
Earth ! raise your song of praise to Him who fills
You with His good. His majesty adore !
His holy name revere ! and in your lives
Display a never ending gratitude.

IN A STRANGE LAND.

This world can never be our home :
Sin's taint too deeply lies
Upon its face for man to own
It as his paradise.

'Tis but a nightly resting-place
While journeying along ;
Yet glimpses of our Father's face,
Oft raise our hearts in song.

Then grief and tears too freely flow,
Doubts fill the heart with pain ;
Too thickly disappointments grow,
For man to hope again.

Or 'tis a soldier's camping ground,
To learn the art of war ;
Where faith and courage must abound,
And many a wound and scar.

But the journey will be over,
The war and tumult cease,
While the angels round us hover.
And swiftly whisper, peace.

WHY WILL YE DIE ?

Why will ye die ? O sinner, say—
Why thus despise a Saviour's love ?
Why not repent and turn to-day,
While God is pleading from above ?

See mercy stands with outstretched arms,
While bending down with pitying eye ;
And lovingly the sinner warns,
O, wanderer, turn ! why will ye die ?

Has life on earth to you no ill,
Or has its days so little care ?
That ye thus hasten on to fill
Another life with dark despair.

Is life to you a thing of nought,
That ye can all its joys despise ?
Or can ye spurn a gift that's bought
So dearly—with such agonies ?

O sinner turn ! for mercy still
Is holding life to your embrace ;
But none can tell when mercy will
At once cut off the day of grace.

Has death no terror to your mind,
That ye can court eternal pains ?
Or can you sleep while Satan binds
Your deathless soul in hellish chains ?

Can ye reject a friend so dear,
Who gave His precious life for you ?
Or can ye still, without a fear
The downward path to death pursue ?

HEAR ME.

O blessed Saviour ! hear me,
In this my earnest prayer ;
And let Thy presence cheer me,
In all my toil and care.

And keep my heart from fainting,
'Mid the trials of each day,
For each brings on its burden,
That none can cast away.

It may be earth has friendships
That help and blessing prove,
With cheering words of comfort
And kindly deeds of love.

But I need a stronger arm,
An arm like Thine, my Lord,
That can shield me from all harm
And strength divine afford.

I need a truer comfort
Than earth can e'er impart,
To fill my soul with courage
And cheer my aching heart.

I need unerring wisdom
To guide my steps aright,
And an undying courage,
To nerve me for the fight.

IN MEMORIAM—A. H.

Sat sainted virtue on his placid brow,
While mingled truth and kindness kindled in
His beaming eyes, which ever spoke a depth
Of meaning that these feeble words of mine
Can never utter now. The manly heart,

That ever bore its weight of toil and care,
With silent, uncomplaining energy,
Has ceased to play its living pulses through
The mortal frame. The busy mind, that planned
For other's good as for his own, is now
Engaged with other scenes. The willing hands,
That oft did lift a weary brother's load,
Lie still and nerveless by his peaceful breast.
Those shoulders never sank beneath their load,
Though oft a heavy burden pressed them sore.
But God hath kindly lifted off the load,
For now his work on earth is done, and so
He rests, as we shall soon—rests in his God,
And in His love, His peace and joy, and joined
With many sainted ones around the throne,
Who went before, as he has now, and left
Us, earnest toilers in a world of care,
To watch with upturned longing eyes and wait
Th' appointed time that brings us all to God
And heaven at last.

To see, as now he sees,
And hear as he hears now, and feel as he
Doth feel, were bliss indeed for mortal man.
And thoughts of these may nerve the drooping hearts
To braver deeds, and more exalted lives,
To sweeter patience, and to holier joys.
Lord give us faith, a stronger, purer faith ;
An earnest, longing faith that reaches out
Beyond our feeble sense, and firmly grasps
The vast invisible that rests upon the Word
Of God, and draws us to the footstool of

His throne on high, whence radiant light shall burst
On our sin darkened souls, and make them shine
An image each of Deity—a bright
And shining light upon the darkened earth.

BACK AGAIN.

So near to the pearly gate,
So soon to enter in ;
What joy I did anticipate,
In being free from sin.

So near, and now to turn,
With dull, reluctant pace,
Back through the fires that slowly burn
And from my Saviour's face.

Ah no ! His face still shines
On my retreating path,
Although my feeble soul repines
To leave the gate of Death.

That gate so gloomy once
Has now grown bright and fair—
If this is but a distant glance,
What must it be when there !

I thought perhaps my pain
And all my trials were o'er ;
That I would soon with Jesus reign
And nought disturb me more.

These sufferings almost past,
And sorrow nearly gone ;
The crown almost within my grasp,
And I in sight of home.

Yet backward would I turn
From Heaven's retreating shore,
If 'tis Thy will I'd humbly learn
To glorify Thee more.

But may this vision bright
With me forever stay,
And ever lend its tender light
To chase the gloom away.

THE LIGHT IS BREAKING.

Life's flickering flame is fading,
The taper's burning low ;
The wings of death are shading
The pathway where I go.

I hear the sullen river,
It chafes upon the shore ;
The restless tide-crests quiver,
As heaving billows roar.

But the light, the light is breaking !
The mist dissolves away ;
My spirit seems forsaking
Its tenement of clay.

I hear the angel voices
From Zion's sunlit hills ;
My inmost soul rejoices,
My heart with rapture thrills.

I leave behind earth's prison,
Its sullen gloom and fears ;
The fettered soul has risen
Above its sin and tears.

I see the rest eternal
Grow bright before my eyes,
With glory all supernal
It draws me to the skies.

I feel the fetters falling,
That long have bound me fast ;
No more I'll feel them galling—
The soul is free at last.

All doubt and fear have vanished—
I see my heavenly rest ;
For death and sin are banished
From mansions of the blest.

I see the angels standing
Beyond the restless tide,
While happy saints are landing
Upon the other side.

'Mid all the joys of Heaven,
Shall I forget earth's fears,
That have so often riven
My heart with gloom and tears ?

It may be that I'll treasure
The thought of earth's alloys,
And that shall raise the measure
Of all my heavenly joys.

The night of doubt and error,
Of darkness and of sin,
Is fading in the distance,
As light comes breaking in.

The light, the light is breaking !
The shadows flee away,
And now my heart is waking
To greet the rising day.

Too long the mists of error,
Of sadness, doubt and sin,
Have compassed me with terror,
And shut my spirit in.

The light, the light is breaking !
My Saviour doth appear—
My heart with joy is waking,
To see my Lord so near.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
Farewell to doubt and pain ;
My soul shall rest to-morrow,
Nor ever toil again.

GONE.

He's gone! yes, gone for aye!
Gone from his friends away;
No longer might he stay
 With those he loved.

Not e'en the keenest sight
Could trace the spirit's flight
Through shades of gloomy night,
 To realms on high.

All pains and sickness flown,
All sin and sorrow gone—
Bright joys around the throne
 Are his to-day.

Still—yet with deadly aim,
Death with his arrow came—
Another waiting soul to claim,
 And struck our hearts.

Love could not ward the blow,
Tears could not bribe the foe,
Yet God hath made it so
 That all is well.

Be then all tears unknown,
All selfish thoughts be gone,
Trust God and Him alone,
 And kiss His hand.

God give us faith to see
Up where our home shall be,
Our loved ones now with Thee
 In Heaven above.